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MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECHES ON REFORM.

THE republication of Mr. GLADSTONE'S speeches upon the Reform Bill of last year completes the political literature of the vacation. His heroic efforts last Session to roll the stone of SISYPHUS to the top of an unattainable hill entitle him to take a place in the gallery of Reform "worthies" to which Lord RUSSELL, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. DISRAELI are admitted as of right. As a speaker upon the subject of Reform, Mr. GLADSTONE labours under some disadvantages. He has come late to the battle-field. Lord RUSSELL has been hammering at Reform Bills with an assiduity which has only one parallel in history, and that is the assiduity with which LOUIS XVI. used to work away at repairing old clocks. Mr. BRIGHT has for many years carried the fiery cross through the length and breadth of the manufacturing districts, and, though he only reproduces in his volume of this month his speeches of last autumn and winter, he has preached Reform in all weathers, as PETER the HERMIT preached crusades. Mr. DISRAELI'S ingenious, though not always ingenuous, theories date back to nearly twenty years ago, and still preserve the pristine flavour of the Tory Radicalism which once threatened to take root among intellectual young noblemen under the name of Young England's creed. If Mr. GLADSTONE modestly confines himself to a reprint of his speeches of the last two years, it is because he has only addressed himself but recently to the consideration of the subject. Suddenly, about two years ago, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER took up Reform, as on various occasions he has "taken up" many great questions, from missionary societies down to coal. The immediate cause of his newborn interest in it was one that reflects credit upon his sincerity. There is, or there ought to be, a conscience in the management of a great party. Those who look back calmly and impartially on the history of the last few years, since the famous meeting at Willis's Rooms, must confess that the Palmerstonian method of dealing with the question, though condoned at the time by popular opinion, was not such as can be justified except upon the loosest view of the validity of solemn party obligations. Mr. GLADSTONE'S conscience, which became uneasy during the last few months of Lord PALMERSTON'S life, grew restive on his death. It displayed itself in an energetic resolve no longer to trifle with the promises of six Sessions ago, to propose a hastily-drawn Bill rather than to adjourn the subject once again, to force the extempore measure down the throats of an impatient House, and to insist, for the sake of honour, upon standing or falling by his scheme. The faults of generalship which distinguished Mr. GLADSTONE'S latest campaign have been so patent that we are in danger of overlooking what there has been in his enthusiasm to approve. And there is a good deal about Mr. GLADSTONE'S Reforming fever which even bitter enemies or offended followers ought to recognise. He entered on the Reform discussions of last spring, not as a veteran or a passionate Reformer like Lord RUSSELL on the one hand, or Mr. BRIGHT upon the other, nor as a politician who, like Mr. DISRAELI, had made the matter a philosophical and Machiavellian study, but as a debater who had a definite plan to advocate and to carry. The speech in which he introduced his Bill of 1866 was dull, practical, and almost Conservative in tone. As the Session advanced, party conflict and natural excitability fanned the spark into a flame. Mr. LOWE'S speech awoke in Mr. GLADSTONE a violent desire to stand by the working-classes, and to vindicate them from reproach and wrong. He had begun by argument and debate; he soon passed, under the influence of circumstances, to enthusiasm and invective; and he ended in a religious devotion to his lately adopted faith. This sort of drifting impulsiveness does not commend itself to an English House of Commons. It betrays Mr. GLADSTONE at times into exaggeration and incaution. But there is a generous quality about it which it is well upon fit occasion to acknowledge.

The speeches before us cannot, for several reasons, be considered as an invaluable contribution to the literature of Reform. They have no title to rank as a scientific examination of a by no means easy problem. At most, they are oratorical nuggets strung upon the thread supplied by last year's Ministerial programme. Those who look to them for a complete exposition of any theory of Reform will look in vain. One does not feel convinced that Mr. GLADSTONE has, or, consistently with his habits of mind, can have, any such theory. In politics, as in other things, it seems to be his hard destiny to be always on the move. He has definitely left his starting-point; he has not yet, it may be, arrived at his final terminus. But there is no man living who has such indefatigable energy in entrenching, and defending to the death, each successive position in which he bivouacs for the night during his march. It is this inveterate faculty of believing religiously in the illusion of the hour that makes his leadership intolerable to his adversaries, and trying to his own party. Following the guidance of a somewhat fitful pilgrim is hard work at the best, but it is harder still to have to stand and fight a pitched battle wherever it pleases him to halt. His first bivouac last Session was on the ground covered by a Franchise Bill not immoderate in its provisions, but imperfect because it dealt with Reform piecemeal. His next resting-place was upon a bad Redistribution Bill. His republished speeches, though they contain isolated passages of much merit, are tainted with the strategical errors committed by him in his campaign. They show us how he defended in turn one untenable position after another. As a series of able pleadings in favour of a definite Ministerial measure, they deserve attention for the moment. But nobody can suppose that such speeches will live; nor do we quite see why, after their immediate use was served, they should be collected and reproduced. If indeed the tactics of 1866 are to be repeated by the next Liberal Government, such speeches might play the part of an artistic and finished apology for a mistake which it was intended at the first opportunity to repeat.

One half of Mr. GLADSTONE'S speeches are devoted to the franchise. Circumstances led his footsteps to this branch of the Liberal case first, and accordingly, for the moment, he believed it to be all-important. Redistribution, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S eyes, was altogether secondary to the extension of the franchise; and, lest the precious part of the cargo should be shipwrecked as had been the case before, he was willing to let all questions of redistribution go for the while adrift. The arguments addressed by him to the House of Commons upon the question of a substantial working-class enfranchisement were not new, and were scarcely perhaps necessary, had it not been for Mr. LOWE'S bold and unexpected attitude. Hitherto politicians of all orders—the High and Dry, as well as the Florid and the Sentimental—had been sufficiently profuse in their professions of readiness to grant the classes excluded from the pale of the Constitution entrance within the gate. Mr. LOWE abandoned this line of defence as useless as soon as he ran his eye along the ground; and, adopting the view that all change in itself would end in anarchy, refused to accept the principle even of amendment. The forcible pieces of declamation in which he enforced the principle of finality upon Parliament might have been employed, *mutatis mutandis*, by any Conservative speaker, about any subject, at any previous period of English history before or after the Revolution. If Mr. GLADSTONE was right in thinking that Reform was not the certain harbinger of revolution or democracy, he was right in treating as collateral and irrelevant the entire issue raised by Mr. LOWE. It was sufficient for his argument to prove that the Bill proposed by Lord RUSSELL'S Cabinet was moderate enough for Conservatives to accept; and Mr. GLADSTONE, beyond an occasional Virgilian passage about the virtues and the harmlessness of the working-man, attempted no more. The glove flung down

by Mr. LOWE in defiance of all the champions of democracy remained, where it had fallen, upon the ground. Professor BLACKIE and Mr. ERNEST JONES have, with provincial energy, been continuing the barren controversy upon a Northern platform; but it was not necessary for Mr. GLADSTONE's purpose that Mr. LOWE's intellectual challenge should be accepted. He took a safer and less ambitious line, but one which detracts of necessity from the interest of the present republication. The defence of half a measure of Reform, on the avowed ground that it is not sweeping, furnishes scanty materials for glowing oratory. To the history of English Reform Lord RUSSELL has contributed precedents, Mr. BRIGHT passion, Mr. DISRAELI epigrams; Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, has given on each occasion the precise amount of Ministerial argument required by the exigencies of the debate.

The Redistribution question which succeeded the Franchise Bill was approached by him in a spirit of singular innocence and confidence. In the Debate on Lord GROSVENOR's motion the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had told the House that redistribution was a subject of minor moment, because it was limited and regulated upon principles which afforded little room for difference of opinion among fair-minded and moderate men. "In every case in which a Bill for the Redistribution of Seats has been brought in, whether in 1854, in 1859, or in 1860, the seats which it was necessary to obtain have been obtained, not by extinguishing, but by limiting the principle of the representation of small boroughs." Not to extinguish, but to limit, is a principle which, upon paper, is all that can be desired. It is, perhaps, more moderate than precise; and, so stated, seemed to many of Mr. GLADSTONE's audience rather a guarantee for the expediency than for the rigid logical consistency of the measure which was to follow. The difficulty of redistribution, as every one sees, is complicated by the fact that as you "limit" boroughs, you "extinguish" individuals. On a large scale such extinguishment becomes impossible, while, if adopted only on a small scale, it rests on no logical basis. Mr. GLADSTONE's business was, accordingly, one at which DEMOSTHENES might have hesitated. It was to elevate a sort of friendly compromise with individual borough members to the rank of a glorious national idea; to make a creed out of the plan of grouping; and to call heaven and earth to witness that the massacre of innocents ought just to stop short of the line where small Whig boroughs begin, and at the very point where small Conservative boroughs leave off. Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches do all that could be done with so limited a subject. He treats it like a master of figures, a scholar, and an orator. But it is interesting to see so great a lion lashing his tail over so little.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR appears himself to have felt the ridicule attaching to his crowning of the edifice, and to the pompous way in which very small concessions were spoken of in the grandest possible language. It is now announced that further changes are to be made, and these changes are important in themselves, and still more important as signifying the direction in which events are tending. Why does the EMPEROR make these changes, and allow himself to be driven onward by a Liberal movement? He must be perfectly well aware that the character of his Government will soon be changed, if little by little he steps out of the narrow limits of a military despotism. But he seems to feel that he cannot stop, and that the Empire in its present form cannot last. It is impossible not to see that the causes which have wrought this conviction in his mind do not operate in France only. France is being borne along by one of those great European tides of Liberal opinion which, in a mysterious manner, and with no perceptible source of strength, from time to time burst the bounds of precedent and sweep society with them. It is hard to say why, in England, there should now be an apparently passionate desire for Reform among classes which a year ago were indifferent. And it is equally hard to say how it happens that, whereas a year ago, when there was a large minority in the Chambers demanding increased liberty, and especially increased security for the press, the EMPEROR answered that no change could be made. It is true that a change would be inconsistent with the very nature of his Government, yet now he himself offers to give greater liberty, and to make the press more secure. And what may be said of Reform in England may be said of Reform in France, for the great countries of the civilized world move in a certain harmony and union with each other. Reform, if wisely and judiciously conceived, is a good thing here, and it is a good thing in France, but dangers that ought to be

acknowledged accompany Reform in both countries. In England we have no hesitation about Reform. Whatever may be its risks, we are willing to have it, on account of the positive good we hope to derive from it, because we see reason to think that it will benefit the nation, will inspire it with new confidence in its institutions, and give it that motive power in politics which now is so sadly wanting. In the same way, advances to a more liberal state of things in France are a great gain, for Frenchmen, if they are to prosper, must learn to govern themselves, and not trust blindly to the hope that a poor perishing mortal may live on and govern them for ever. And both here and there it is obviously desirable that the reform which is needed should come, if possible, from the Government that exists. Whether it is to the interest of the Tory party here as a party, or to the interest of the EMPEROR as head of his dynasty, to set great changes on foot, is a question which we may leave those most interested to decide for themselves. But the two nations will certainly gain if these changes are proposed by Governments which can propose them quietly and effectually, and can spare us a violent crisis and a great shock of opinion.

It is proposed in France to restore the tribune, and thus to give the chief orators of the Assembly an opportunity of making those set speeches which are not to our taste, but which please Frenchmen, affect their judgments, and touch their feelings. It is also proposed to abolish the present law requiring that, before a new journal can be set up, it shall receive a preliminary authorization to appear, which it is wholly in the discretion of a Government official to accord or refuse. Lastly, it is proposed to allow meetings of electors to be held previously to an election taking place. Each of these changes is a considerable one, but each acquires new importance when it is taken in connexion with the others, and still more when it is remembered that all these changes have been made because the EMPEROR found that to concede less was unavailing. All these changes are good, and are in themselves to be desired, just as a liberal, comprehensive, and well-considered measure of Reform is to be desired in England. But they must be on their guard in France, just as we must be on our guard in England. If it is satisfactory to see for the moment a wave of Liberal opinion, not only in England, but in Europe, it must be borne in mind how often these waves of Liberal opinion have been followed by violent and bitter reaction. The end of the revolution of 1848 in Paris was that LOUIS NAPOLEON had to save society, and to bind and to gag it in saving it. The end of the revolution in Vienna was that Baron BACH was allowed to set up for years a despotism of Jesuits and Croats. It is to be feared that, if the Liberal party does not place some restraint on itself here and in France, there may be a reaction; the benefits of a Reform Bill may, for a time at least, be sacrificed, and the EMPEROR may find public opinion warranting him in returning to a pure despotism. When we hear of the tribune being again placed in the French Chamber, we feel a thrill of interest and pleasure, for the tribune of the French Chamber has in old days often been ascended by great speakers and no mean statesmen. But we are also filled with fear lest the tribune should be hereafter, as formerly, occupied by men who, while possessing great qualities—patriotism, courage, and originality—are violent, unpractical, and ignorant, and who will bring Parliamentary Government into disrepute. And we cannot conceal from ourselves that, in many respects, Mr. BRIGHT closely resembles these terrible Parliamentary orators of France. Like them, he has the popular fibre—force of purpose, sympathy with those whom he regards as oppressed, and a sublime confidence in himself and his cause. But, like them, he is one-sided, dogmatic, the sport of his own vehemence, the prey of his own logic. Like them, he is ignorant enough not to suspect his ignorance. Like them, he thinks all criticism the outpouring of a deadly hatred and a petty personal malevolence, and cannot understand how people can at once admire and distrust him—how they can at once appreciate his great abilities and yet be afraid of him. No impartial observer, however sincerely he may desire Reform here, and however gladly he may welcome a modification and gradual relaxation of despotism in France, can deny that there is a real danger lest, if Reform here becomes a mere triumph of Mr. BRIGHT, and if Reform in France leads to the repetition of wild and senseless declamation from the tribune or the press, both countries may easily get tired of Reform and sink back into that stagnation and that political helplessness from which both countries, although in very different degrees, seem now on the eve of escaping.

It is not to be supposed that things will go on very fast in France. The Chamber will still be in the main a company of Government nominees, the occasions on which speeches will be allowed will be unfrequent and uncertain, the journals will be punished legally, but they will still be punished very easily. But the machinery of something like free government has begun to be created, and a few more changes, each apparently slight in itself, would make it more and more effective. And it is encouraging to notice what those who treat all these concessions as futile, and a mere sham and delusion, consider to be the true explanation of them. They think they are only a blind, intended to amuse Paris and the world, while the EMPEROR is maturing plans of a very different kind. He will some day, it is supposed, wreak his vengeance on Prussia, and he is now gathering his strength for the effort. Meanwhile, it keeps dissatisfied persons a little quiet, and distracts the general attention, to give the Chamber a little harmless liberty, to let silly people ask a few silly questions, and to allow small groups of electors to meet together in order to talk big and grow animated about an election the issue of which is practically decided long before a single voter has been near the ballot-box. All this is improbable. The EMPEROR has probably no wish to go to war with Prussia, and certainly he has no motive of very overpowering strength. If he cannot fight Prussia advantageously now, he has no reason to hope to fight her advantageously soon. In two or three years perhaps he will have a larger and better army than he has now, but so will Prussia. South Germany is as likely to draw towards Prussia, and to give Prussia new strength and new supplies, as France is to furnish the EMPEROR with a bigger and more efficient army. Time is likely to tell as much against the EMPEROR as for him, and no one can deny that in two or three years' time he will, if he lives, be two or three years older. As years come upon him, he is visibly getting more indisposed to make great efforts and run unnecessary risks. And it is not at all certain that the effect of greater freedom of discussion will be to make the French more bent on a great war. The Chamber is not to be allowed to discuss the dealings of the Government with Prussia last year, but it is to hear something about Mexico. The tale of the Mexican expedition is not one that will tempt those who listen to it to embark recklessly in vast and costly enterprises. For four years the French peasant and artisan have had to support the undiminished burden of a most heavy taxation, in order that at last they may see their army kicked out of Mexico by the Yankees, and those who befriended their army in Mexico left unprotected to death, pillage, and every kind of insult. This is not very encouraging, nor very likely to induce the French to embark in a great war. The new changes now announced in the form of Government may not be worth very much, but they may be taken for what they are worth, and may safely be considered without reference to a remote and imaginary Prussian war.

TRADES' UNIONS.

WHEN Trades' Unions, after deranging industry, are assuming a political character, the bearing of the organization on the claims of working-men to electoral power becomes an interesting subject of inquiry. The ingenuity and energy which are displayed in the management of trade combinations show that the working-classes possess an amount of ability which ought to be, if possible, assimilated by the Parliamentary system. The Constitution should represent existing forces, apart from any arbitrary selection; and it is evident that artisans exercise no inconsiderable influence on the social and economical condition of the country. Mr. BRIGHT proposes to transfer the entire control of public affairs from the present constituency to the class which would obey the leaders of Trades' Unions. He has already threatened revolutionary violence as the alternative of voluntary submission to his demands, and he encourages the assemblage of mobs for the intimidation of a Parliament which he justly regards as hostile to his policy. It is improbable that a large employer of labour should seriously desire the establishment of a Legislature which would occupy itself principally in attempts to raise the rate of wages, and to diminish the hours of work; but Mr. BRIGHT lately assured a sympathizing audience that, under a democratic Constitution, half at least of the working population would have enjoyed the comforts and material welfare of the middle-classes. It is certain that no such change could be effected by Mr. BRIGHT's schemes for the subdivision of landed property, inasmuch as workmen in manufacturing towns cannot conveniently occupy rural freeholds. Several years have passed since Mr. BRIGHT complained that Glasgow weavers were

wronged because they had no opportunity of squatting on Highland deer-forests. The apology for disaffection was too extravagant to be repeated; nor has Mr. BRIGHT at any time explained how his own peculiar clients are interested in the tenure of land. The beneficent legislation of a Parliament founded on universal suffrage must doubtless relate to wages, and perhaps to the markets which are disturbed by free competition. A supreme Trades' Union would enact by law the regulations which are now imperfectly enforced by a mixture of influence and coercion. "I wish," says the poet, "I had a little boat" which would sail through the sky without troublesome impediments from the laws of gravitation. The Trades' Unions hold that, if they governed the country, they could ensure high wages, constant work, and a monopoly of supply. Mr. BRIGHT sanctions their vague anticipations, without too curious an inquiry into the process by which the desirable result is to be achieved.

"And now," the poet suddenly exclaims, "I have a little boat, shaped like the crescent moon." The artisans of New South Wales have a Legislature elected by themselves, and a Ministry which they can change every three months; and yet they write to their fellow-workmen in England to assure them that in Australia labour is shamefully underpaid and habitually unprosperous. For the present purpose, it is not worth while to inquire whether the statement of the Sydney workmen is accurate. It is said that when trade is flourishing they drink champagne out of buckets, nor can their right to spend their wages as they please be disputed. It is also stated that they vote for candidates who promote a large public expenditure on public works, and that, by the stringency of their rules and the exorbitance of their demands, they discourage the employment of capital. It is only material to observe that, according to their own testimony, they have not found that voting tickets are the keys of Paradise. This experience is not surprising to economists, but it may correct some political delusions. Universal suffrage, with equal electoral districts, is found not incompatible with distress, and the only remedy which the sufferers suggest is the discontinuance of immigration, and the imposition of protective duties on English manufactures. The Unionists at home will sympathize but faintly with proposals which directly conflict with their own material interests; but stronger evidence will be required to convince them that legislation is powerless against political economy and nature. Some unfortunate dock-labourers in the Isle of Dogs, who naturally borrow their opinions from those immediately above them in the social scale, remonstrated the other day against the declaration of a dividend by the Dock Company for which they were in the habit of working. "Why," they asked, "should these capitalists divide five or six per cent. while our best hands can scarcely earn half a crown a day?" An unskilled workman cannot perhaps be expected to understand that, in default of dividends to be earned, docks would neither be made nor worked. The Millwall shipwrights had set them the example of assuming that their wages, calculated according to their wants, formed a first charge on capital. Workers in iron, like dock-labourers, are entitled to act on their own doctrines, as long as they allow similar liberty to their associates and competitors. In practice, however, it is well known that the members of every trade are powerless to resist the commands of their Union. At a late meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, after the Union system had been strongly denounced, Mr. HUGH MASON, who is a strong politician, asserted that combination began with the masters, adding that he had himself long since abandoned the Masters' Union, and that he found it more profitable and expedient to exercise his individual judgment in dealing with his men. If the workmen were equally free to act alone or in concert, no reasonable objection could be raised to Unions. Mr. MASON will not be blown up by infernal machines, nor sprinkled with vitriol, nor will he ever be watched by sentries, or be stigmatized as a knobstick. The masters have never professed, like the saw-grinders of Sheffield, to thrash seceders into submission to their orders. The line between acquiescence in the rules of a voluntary association and discipline enforced by penalties is hard to draw exactly, but it has long been passed by the Trades' Unions and their councils. The brutal cynicism of Sheffield is only an extreme expression of the theories which are generally adopted.

Even if every skilled workman were a free agent, he is responsible for his conduct as a member of an aristocracy of handicraft. Every shipwright, like a man at arms in a feudal army, has three or four dependents who perform the ruder portions of the common task. The privileged artisans exercise

their right of maintaining a separate organization, and of deciding for themselves the terms on which their services can be afforded. If the shipwrights were really of opinion that it was not for their advantage to take 6s. 6d. as wages for a certain contract, they could not reasonably be expected to make a sacrifice for the benefit of their humbler associates; but if they have yielded to the dictation of a Board, their obedience has caused heavier suffering to others than to themselves. The managers of Trades' Unions are probably actuated by a sincere passion for absolute equality, but their theories tend in innumerable ways to produce division of castes, invidious privileges, and taxation without representation. ADAM SMITH'S criticisms on the mediæval Guilds apply in many respects to modern Unions. In every trade there are some operations performed by skilled workmen, which require no especial knowledge or delicacy of manipulation. The encroachment of auxiliary labourers on the work which custom has appropriated to the higher artisan is prohibited, with the minutest care, by arbitrary rules. In course of time there will be large classes of non-licensed workmen growing up outside the privileged Guilds, and a similar danger is still more likely to arise from the general extension of co-operative societies. Within each separate organization a levelling jealousy prevails. The majority in Trades' Unions, as elsewhere, dislike personal superiority, and the ambition which it suggests and justifies. The passage from the working-class into the middle ranks is no longer open and easy, for thrifty workmen who become small capitalists are regarded as deserters, instead of being encouraged by the respect and sympathy of their former equals. The social effect of the change is purely mischievous, and its political tendency is to promote and embitter agitation. As a priesthood excluded from the hope of secular advantages concentrates its energies on a standing conspiracy against society, artisans who are prevented by the opinion of their class from rising individually in the world are strongly tempted to gratify their ambition by endeavouring to acquire new corporate privileges. Mr. BRIGHT'S success in enlisting the Trades' Unions in his warfare against the Constitution has been due in a great measure to their levelling propensity. The arbitrations which have been recommended by Lord ELCHO and by many others are only applicable to the adjustment of strikes; but the occasional convulsions which derange and discourage industry are only the most conspicuous results of trade combination. The despotism which weighs both on masters and men is more uniform and more comprehensive in its purview. In many instances the laws of the Union provide as carefully for restricting the efficiency of labour as for increasing its remuneration. It is barely possible that the representatives of the working-classes may be open to conviction when they are confronted in the House of Commons by the unanimous disapproval of the rest of the community. If they were to meet in Parliament only with members for constituencies like their own, it is difficult to conjecture how widely their legislation would deviate from the standard of prudence and justice.

AMERICA.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has again overruled the legislation of Congress; and the opinion which has frequently been expressed in England, that the Test Oath was unconstitutional, has now been confirmed by the highest authority. Unfortunately it happens that, as in the judgment against Military Commissions, a minority of four judges out of nine, including the CHIEF JUSTICE, dissents from the ruling of the Court. These successive decisions of the highest American tribunal will furnish an additional motive for pressing the impeachment of the PRESIDENT; for, although either of the conflicting opinions on the Test Oath might be honestly held by a competent lawyer, experience shows that judicial learning coincides with political bias. The judges of the Supreme Court are the only high officers who are appointed exclusively by the PRESIDENT, without reference to ratification by the Senate; and if a vacancy were to occur in the minority, Mr. JOHNSON would strengthen the present majority of the Court by the appointment of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, or of some other lawyer of his own party. A successor, on the other hand, of different political views, would take the first opportunity of balancing the two sections of the Court by the promotion of a Republican; and if the Court were equally divided, it would be useless to appeal against the acts of Congress or of the State Legislatures. As any measure which purported to convert States into Territories, or to regulate the suffrage in the Southern States, must conflict

directly with the Constitution, the leaders of the majority have the strongest interest in remodelling the Supreme Court. The famous DRED SCOTT judgment was, by unanimous consent, relegated to oblivion before it was superseded by a Constitutional Amendment. The dangerous precedent of disregarding a decision of the Supreme Court will perhaps be followed by Congress; but the PRESIDENT, the Democrats, and the moderate party derive great advantage from their vindication of law against superior force. The pursuit of even the most desirable objects by revolutionary methods is repugnant to the feelings of intelligent Americans. As long as possible, the provisions of the Constitution will be stretched into apparent coincidence with modern policy; and perhaps the country may ultimately recur to the safeguards of freedom which were provided by the cautious founders of the Republic.

The question whether the retrospective Test Oath was constitutional has been raised by two separate appeals to the Supreme Court. In one case, a Roman Catholic priest in Missouri had been prevented from performing ecclesiastical functions because he was unable or unwilling to swear that he had afforded no countenance to the so-called rebellion. In the other case, the appellant had for the same reason been refused admission to practise as an attorney and counsellor before the Supreme Court itself. The Missouri test was imposed by a Constitution lately framed for the State by the dominant party, and the exclusion from the bar of the Court was imposed by an Act of Congress passed in 1865. The Court, in giving judgment, abstained, with creditable self-control, from any denunciation of the monstrous policy of silencing Southern religious ministers, and of disqualifying Southern lawyers. It was only material to inquire whether the Missouri Convention, and Congress itself, had exceeded their Constitutional powers. Mr. GARLAND, the petitioner, who claimed to practise as a lawyer, was a citizen of Arkansas, and he had been a Senator in the Confederate Congress. After the close of the war, and before his application to the Court, he had received from the PRESIDENT a full pardon of all offences. The Court unanimously held that the power of pardon was absolute and uncontrollable, and the judgment of the dissentient minority proceeded on the ground that exclusion from a profession was not a punishment, and that therefore it could not be remitted by the PRESIDENT. For the same reason it was urged that the Test Oath was unaffected by the clauses in the Constitution which prohibit acts of attainder and *ex post facto* laws. It appears to be an established doctrine that the definition of *ex post facto* laws only includes criminal or penal legislation, and the dissident judges maintained that, in withholding a privilege, Congress could not be said to impose a penal disability. They also contended, with apparent reason, that the exclusion of the Missouri priest from the exercise of his functions was not inconsistent with the Constitutional provisions against religious inequality, because it was imposed by State authority. According to the letter of the Constitution, Congress alone is prohibited from enacting religious tests as conditions of appointment to office. Any corresponding incapacity which attaches to the States rests solely on analogy.

The majority of the Court ruled that the imposition of a retrospective test oath was a legislative and penal exclusion of an entire class of citizens from the exercise of a lawful profession. It was unnecessary to add that the punishment affected the great body of citizens in nine or ten States of the Union. Mr. Justice MILLER, who delivered the opinion of the dissentient judges, weakened his argument by contending that rebels who were liable to a capital sentence incurred no perceptible addition of punishment when they were prevented from practising as attorneys and counsellors. A law, however, which provides that a murderer shall be hanged is no justification for compelling him to work on the treadmill. If the Supreme Court should at any future time declare that secession was unconstitutional and invalid, every soldier, and nearly every civilian, in the Confederate States might, in default of a Presidential pardon, be tried and executed for treason. Congress might at its discretion attach prospectively to the crime of treason the penalty of exclusion from the profession of the law; but a test oath is not a proper proof of legal guilt. Even if the Act of 1865 had been sustained by the Supreme Court, legislation in favour of small local factions must soon have conflicted with the letter and spirit of the Constitution. Missouri is a divided State, and the Border Ruffians of ten years ago are the victims of a certain kind of poetical justice when they suffer in their turn the persecution which they inflicted on their Free-soil fellow-citizens and on their neighbours of Kansas. In three-fourths of the Southern States there is scarcely a minority to tyrannize over the defeated adherents of the Confederacy. The negroes indeed may, by Federal usurpation, be erected

into an ostensible dominant party, but they will assuredly never be allowed to govern their late masters beyond the reach of a military post. A privileged aristocracy has never yet been constituted from an inferior race. The Orangemen of Ireland were not conspicuous for moderation or justice; but the supremacy of the half-barbarous Irish natives would have been far more intolerable.

While the judgments of the Supreme Court are discrediting the past legislation of Congress, the Republican leaders seem to be resolved on prosecuting their quarrel with the PRESIDENT. The impeachment would have been voted by this time if there had been plausible ground for maintaining that suspension must precede conviction; but, as there is no such provision in the Constitution, Congress can only disarm the Executive by some act of violence which might prove to be neither successful nor popular. It would hardly be possible to obtain a judgment of the Senate until several months had elapsed from the meeting of the Fortieth Congress on the 4th of March. In the meantime, it is useless to begin the irregular reconstruction of the South by means of necessarily unconstitutional acts, which the PRESIDENT would scarcely carry into execution. Whether the States are reduced to the rank of Territories, or reorganized under new Constitutions, they must be controlled by military force, and Congress has no power to dispose of a corporal's guard. There is no doubt that public opinion is still favourable to the Republican cause. The PRESIDENT has oddly appealed, through the *Times*' Correspondent, to the judgment of England. As only six weeks had passed since he expressed in his Message to Congress goodwill to the Fenian conspiracy, it might have seemed that he could scarcely count on English sympathy. His opponents, however, have committed themselves still more extravagantly to the same cause, and a newspaper correspondent can scarcely fail to be flattered by the confidence of the chief officer of a great nation. Mr. JOHNSON wishes the readers of the *Times* to understand that he is defending the Constitution against its assailants, and that his policy tends exclusively to the restoration of the Union. To a mere spectator, comparing the PRESIDENT's conduct with the text of the Constitution, it appears that the apology is sound; but if the people of the United States choose at the same time to profess allegiance to the Constitution and to disregard some of its limitations, foreigners are not competent judges of the political necessity which may produce apparent inconsistency. The House of Representatives, with its want of dignified bearing and its habit of suppressing deliberation, commands no unqualified respect either at home or abroad; but it is for the present supported by the opinion of the Northern States, and the judgment of a great community on its own affairs is weighty even when it is defective in legal logic.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF WHIGGISM.

IN one of his College Exercises, MILTON controverted the proposition *Naturam pati senium*. Hence we may suppose it to have been a favourite paradox of the poets that everything, in the material as well as the moral world, was going to the bad. A melancholy satisfaction was gained by observing the signs of universal decay, and tracing the wrinkles which time was wearing on the face of universal nature. We had fallen, it was asserted, on evil days; and our lot was cast, not only in the iron age, but in sterility, and among abortive attempts to carry on the order of succession and reproduction. It is not certain that this feeling is extinct. The earth cannot now produce the giants of the good old days; the mammoth and the mastodon are faintly represented by the puny elephants and degenerate hippopotami of our present senescent powers. *Ætas parentum*, &c. There is a pleasing melancholy in this view of things in general. The Ruins of Empires, and the Decline and Fall of Imperial power, have inspired the master-spirits of history with a tender glow of sympathy for extinct greatness. Behind me was *Ægina*; before me, *Megara*; on the right, *Piræus*; on the left, *Corinth*—all these once flourishing cities, but now a howling wilderness, suggested to the sentimental letter-writer topics of unsubstantial consolation on the littleness of man and his transitory tenure of power. The thing that hath been is, and the schoolboy's commonplaces have not lost their classic point. What is true of empires and cities is true of parties, at least in English politics. The painless extinction of the great Whig party suggests a grand subject for him who strung the elaborate harp of elegy in his *In Memoriam*, and who wept over the tender grace of a day that is dead. It is with old Whiggery as with old Imperial Rome—what begins in Augustus ends in

AUGUSTULUS. The lesson which Rome reads to the student might have been profitable to the author of the *Life of Fox*; but we doubt whether Earl RUSSELL is capable of catching the parallel between the condition of his own party and the scene of his late hybernation. He returns from the City of Ruins to a museum of extinct and fossil politics. It is said that, like his host *Pro Nono*, he has closed his eyes to the present, and that he has been indulging in the complacent vision that he had only to return home to resume his familiar place and power amidst the universal plaudits of a grateful country. Perhaps the next few weeks may dissipate this pleasant day-dream. Already the great Constitutional organ of the great Constitutional party has been guilty of ominous hints. The *Edinburgh Review*, not content with ostracizing Mr. GLADSTONE, has ventured upon cashiering Earl RUSSELL at the same time. Indeed, it may be guessed that the extravagant proposal of reducing the real head of Liberalism to the ranks was only thrown out as a colourable pretext for what was actually meant—the necessity of founding an Emeritus Professorship of pure Whiggery for the especial tenure of the late Prime Minister. The *Edinburgh Review* hints something about senescence as an absolute disqualification for political leadership. This imputation Earl RUSSELL may reasonably resent as unfair. These later years, if their history has any moral, seemed to establish the position that the nearer a Minister is to eighty years the more unassailable are his claims to the highest office in the State. The late Lord PALMERSTON may well be thought to have lived in vain if his Premiership did not prove this maxim of good government. Earl RUSSELL, therefore, may hold himself justified in believing that, the longer he lives, the more irresistible is his claim to the highest office. He preponderates over Mr. GLADSTONE by the simple law of senility. If this doctrine is to be impugned, there is indeed an end of all things—at least of the great principle of English government by the Whig family. Once let it be granted that Whiggery ought to recruit its ranks, and gather strength from fresh alliances, and what becomes of the blue blood? If the patricians and grandees of Castile are to condescend to vulgar intermarriages, it may at length be more than suspected that an Infanta of Spain ought to have feet, and perhaps legs. Such treason to hereditary legislation and government by ruling houses is not to be thought of, at least in the county of Bedford. It may be doubted whether even Sir THOMAS ESPINGHAM thought it much of a compliment when his Sovereign wished him

A good soft pillow for that good white head;

and it is past question that PATROCLES never ventured upon playing NESTOR—

hem—and stroke his beard
As being drest to some oration,

in that excellent veteran's presence. At any rate, Earl RUSSELL has as yet given no sign that he does not fully accept the force of the precedent supplied by Lord PALMERSTON's career.

This characteristic of the great Whig party is a curious subject of contemplation. Summarily described, the Whigs, as Whigs, are always dying. A moribund life is their normal state of existence; and perhaps they have got to the conclusion that a slow and apathetic circulation, a lowered vital action, is conducive to vitality. It really is. Tortoises are very long-lived; valetudinarians, who are always sick and ailing, never seem to die; and proverbs tell us all about creaking doors, and the exceptional and protracted immunity from a smash which attends cracked pitchers. But then it does not require a SANCHE to confront proverb with proverb; the pitcher always does go to the well once too often, and though threatened men illustrate the fact of longevity, yet even they succumb to fate at last. Whether these are the last days of Whiggery it would be premature to say decidedly. The Whigs have often gone to the ground, but, not being giants, they have hitherto got, not strength, but mud from their contact with mother earth. Yet it is scarcely a matter of speculation that Earl RUSSELL has borne the Sword of State for the last time. With the exception of Lord AMBERLEY, we cannot find any promise of the continuance of the line of his political progeny. The son of his hopes, the famous Reform Bill, the paternity of which is Earl RUSSELL's boast, has only lived long enough to disappoint its premature promise; and the burden of beginning life afresh is laid upon him who so many years ago prescribed to himself the lines of finality, and the calm of grateful rest. In all this it may well be admitted that there is nothing to surprise. Life has been defined to be a long struggle with death; and since they came into office, more than thirty years ago, Whigs have only been engaged in arresting dissolution. Over and over again they have gone out of office, not because

the country was less liberal, but because their moorings had rusted off. They have foundered because they never repaired their ships nor recruited their crew. Meeting a new Parliament with a clear majority of sixty votes, a single Session has reduced them to a disorganized mob. The body must die which never assimilates the elements of reproduction, which never repairs the wear and tear of life. What happened to Lord MELBOURNE's Administration is only typical of the genuine Whig Administration. Weak as the late Government was, the next RUSSELL Ministry—to use a fiction scarcely pardonable—must be weaker still. He who was not strong enough for the place twenty years ago has scarcely shown signs of increased vigour; and the history of his party, especially during the last few years, seems to suggest that the painless and perhaps happy extinction which has attended the PONSONBYS and ABERCROMBYS, the MONTEAGLES and LLANOVERS and LYVEDENS, of the old time may be reserved even for Earl RUSSELL himself. The destiny of all Whigs of the old stamp is not likely to be changed; and the euthanasia which the late PREMIER may reasonably look out for is to be saluted by history as the Last of the Whigs. There is something touching in being the solitary specimen of an expiring race. From Tasmania we learn that the very last of the Aborigines is about to sail for England, and we hope that he will be invited to Richmond Lodge. Useful notes may be compared by the two representative men. The great ethnological law, which is, sooner or later, fatal to the Red Man and the Maori and the Hottentot, is of wide and deadly incidence. There is no reason to suppose that the last Moa or the last Dodo was inferior to his ancestors; nor are we called on to say that Earl RUSSELL does not answer to the original type of his species. He does; but it is the type that has at last failed; and the vitality which the late PRIME MINISTER has failed to transmit we can hardly look for in the subordinates of his Government. The Dukes of EDMOND have not left less permanent marks on the world's history than Duke SOMERSET and Duke ARGYLL; and it already requires something like an effort of memory to recall the names, to say nothing of the services rendered to the State, of Sir GEORGE GREY, the Lords GRANVILLE and DE GREY, the heir of the DEVONSHIRE strawberry leaves, or the placid amenity of Mr. MILNER GIBSON. A party of one is a solecism in terms; and the foremost man of Whiggery, even Lord CLARENDON himself, could hardly deem himself capable of filling all the offices of State. But there is no other alternative possible. Either Lord CLARENDON must evolve a Kehama-like capacity of multiplied consciousness, or the old rule of Whiggery pure and simple—in which the simplicity is certainly not exceeded by the purity—must give up its traditionary and hereditary claims to a monopoly of Government. To make vines prolific, and to correct the enervating tendencies of forcing, it is necessary to give them a hardy discipline of fresh air and rough treatment. Whiggery has never yet learned to gather strength from its periodical exposure to the cool winds of the Opposition benches. The plant does not benefit by bracing; and should Mr. GLADSTONE, as it is not unlikely, be disposed to acquire in Opposition virtues which he certainly did not display in office, we must remember that he was not born in the purple. Earl RUSSELL has, with advancing years, to unlearn the inveterate habits of a long and, as far as Whiggism is concerned, an eminently consistent life. To have been twice Premier, and twice to have succeeded in dissolving his party, is his Lordship's only claim to be entrusted with a third attempt.

INDIA.

AN article on the foreign policy of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has recently appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. It is evidently semi-official, or, as the French say, inspired; and its object is to let the English public know what the GOVERNOR-GENERAL is doing, and why he is doing it. The secret is that he is doing nothing, and the reason is because he has made up his mind that nothing ought to be done. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has no foreign policy. He is all for keeping India to herself, and not thinking or troubling himself about her neighbours. For many years the Anglo-Indian public has been in great alarm at the encroachments of Russia, and in old days it was thought advisable to keep Russia back, and to check and annoy her by thwarting Russian influence in the chief towns of the barbarous or semi-barbarous tribes that lie between the North-Western frontier of our Indian Empire and the South-Eastern frontier of Russia. We were, if possible, to have our man on the throne, and to give him guns and money, and to teach him that we were his real friends, and that all

his interests lay in being true to us. If, unfortunately, our man happened to be off the throne, then we were to back him generally in his attempts to get on again, and to give him all the help we could without any very great expense, and without committing ourselves too openly, so that the Russian man might in his turn be sent into exile or disgrace, and we and our man might enjoy a little satisfactory triumph. All this is at an end now. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has set his face firmly against these plots and counterplots. He will have no dependents or allies beyond our borders. Many attempts have been made to shake his resolution. Offer after offer has been made to him. This chief has sent to say he is our man, if we would but recognise him as such; and that chief has given the GOVERNOR-GENERAL to understand what a great amount of good could be done, and what vast political results might be achieved, by sending him a few stand of arms and a few lacs of rupees. But these wily chiefs asked and begged and explained in vain. They may do as they like, and be Russian or anti-Russian as they please. Perhaps some day Russia will swallow them up, and then the Russian frontier will touch our own. If the Russians try to come any further it will be necessary to fight them. But if we have to fight them, it will be satisfactory to fight them on our own ground, with every advantage on our side, with railways and material to help us, and with the sea at our command; whereas they will have to fight under the disadvantage of being at the greatest possible distance from their base of supplies, and with a very dangerous line of retreat in case of disaster. In fact, the odds are so much for us that we need not fear having to fight them at all; and if they choose to come down to our borders we shall probably have reason, not to distrust them, but to thank them for taking so much trouble, and for being willing to pacify and subdue the wild neighbours whom we have there at present.

The English public will therefore receive with the greatest pleasure this announcement of the foreign policy of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE. It is at once sensible, honourable, and cheap; and lucky are the statesmen for whose foreign policy so much can be said. But it has been hinted in some English journals that the foreign policy of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL is his strong point, and that it may have been wise to draw attention to it in order to remove or weaken the disappointment which the other parts of his career as GOVERNOR-GENERAL have awakened. There certainly may be points in his domestic administration that are justly open to criticism; but some of those who most loudly complain of its inefficiency seem to have an essentially erroneous notion of a Governor-General's duties. Persons who were wholly unacquainted with India, and with what is possible in India, chose to fancy that, because Sir JOHN LAWRENCE was known to them by having done a great and striking service in the days of the mutiny, he was always going to do great and striking things, and that he would be quite different from all other Governor-Generals, and much more heroic and sensational. This was simply a dream of fanciful ignorance. The duty of a Governor-General is not to be always doing great things, but to get through a large amount of daily routine work, to rule over society, and to watch over the general interests of the country. All this Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has done, and, for the most part, he has done it well. It is true that at the outset of his career he made a mistake, innocent and small in itself, but likely to have results curiously disproportionate to its importance. He has probably prevented the Governor-Generalship from being again given as the highest prize of the profession to which he belongs. Indian civilians will scarcely rise in future to rule over India, and the line of English noblemen as Governor-Generals will once more be restored. This is a great result, and it is a result which may be traced to a tiny origin. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE made a most unfortunate choice in his Secretary, and Anglo-Indian society thought itself so little welcomed and so indifferently treated in the establishment of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL that they began to get angry and to howl out for "one of our own British peers." It has set its mind on having an English nobleman in future as GOVERNOR-GENERAL; and, as the ruling families in England will be only too ready to oblige it, it will probably have its own way in the matter. But this is a very small thing, and Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has rendered India great services since he has been there as GOVERNOR-GENERAL, only that they are services that do not happen to be of a showy and obtrusive kind. Two of those services, however, deserve more especial mention. In the first place, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL has set himself to make important changes for the benefit of the public health. He

has diligently inquired into the state of prisons, asylums, barracks, and other public places under his control, and has endeavoured to stir up his officials to remedy the frightful evils that were disclosed, and to provide some security against similar evils in the future. In the next place, he has settled the long vexed question between the feudal chiefs and the peasants in Oude as to their rights over land; and he has settled it on a broad and equitable basis, and has done justice to both parties, which, considering that while he was in the Punjab his possessions were certainly shown against the chiefs, was as creditable to him as it is, we will hope, satisfactory to the natives concerned.

"Peace and Public Works" was the motto of Lord CRANBORNE when he came into office, and India will have cause to regret if Lord CRANBORNE's power of promoting public works in India is prematurely cut short. His predecessors were by no means favourable to public works. Lord HALIFAX had a wholesome horror of getting India into debt, and pushed a good theory too far; and Lord DE GREY was as much Lord DE GREY about public works as about anything else. But since Lord CRANBORNE came into office, the Indian Government has taken up the whole subject of Indian works with new energy and with new breadth of view; and more especially irrigation on a large scale, and on a connected system, has attracted the attention it deserves. The recent famine in Orissa was entirely due to want of irrigation; and some time ago the Indian authorities reported to the Home Government that, if works of irrigation were not established there, a great famine must some day come. It has come, and England has been roused by the tidings from its usual indifference to all things Indian. Now that the horse has been stolen, we shall most carefully look the stable-door; and irrigation works will be raised in Orissa as a monument of respect and regret to the memory of the hundreds of thousands of human beings there who met a cruel death from want of food. We are waiting with very great interest for an explanation of the absence of Sir CECIL BEADON from his Government during the whole of this lamentable crisis. If Simla is to detain persons away from their duty simply because it is comfortable, there will soon be an end of these migrations of the Indian Government to Simla, and this would be much to be regretted on many accounts. The English nobleman for whom Anglo-Indians are longing will scarcely be got to go to India unless he may preserve his health by periodical visits to the hills. It is said that thirty clergymen refused the Bishopric of Calcutta, which does not tell much for the religious fervour and zeal of the higher order of English clergy, but tells much for their common sense. To be Bishop of Calcutta is not a comfortable or a healthy thing, and if the higher official posts in the Indian service are made too uncomfortable and too unhealthy, Englishmen of the stamp that India requires will decline to be Governor-General, or to be the legal and financial members of the Governor-General's Council. Simla is, therefore, a good thing in itself; but Simla, like other good things, may be abused, and we hope that Sir CECIL BEADON will be able to show that he has not abused it.

RAILWAY DEBENTURE-HOLDERS.

THE very important judgment delivered by the LORDS JUSTICES in the suits of GARDNER, DRAWBRIDGE, and others, against the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, will probably secure shareholders against empirical attempts to tamper with their property by an abuse of the power of Parliament. The decision of a Court of law or equity may of course be overruled by an Act of Parliament, but it is not probable that Lord REDESDALE will persuade either House to destroy rights which have now been clearly defined by high judicial authority. The orders which were brought by appeal before the LORDS JUSTICES had been made by the inferior Court in suits by debenture-holders against the Chatham Company. One of these orders, by which the General Manager of the Company had been appointed manager on behalf of the Court of Chancery, was summarily discharged by the LORDS JUSTICES, on the ground that it was beyond the authority and at variance with the practice of the Court. As the Court of Chancery never assumes the management of property except in preparation for a sale, the discharge of the order is equivalent to a declaration that the undertaking is not to be sold. The foreclosure on which Lord REDESDALE has so complacently insisted appears, in this instance, not to be available to the debenture-holders of a railway; but if the creditors have, under any circumstances, a right to so extreme

a remedy, no objection can be taken to their assertion of their claims. As Lord Justice CAIRNS forcibly observed, it was unfortunate that the effect of securities in which millions have been invested should be defined, not at the time of their creation, but when difficulties have arisen as to repayment. On the other hand, there would be intolerable inconvenience in the unlimited liability of the undertaking to the demands of creditors. "Some might desire to arrest the continuance of the undertaking, and to obtain repayment out of the capital or other moneys provided for the works, while others might consider that their most hopeful chance of repayment would be the expenditure of these moneys so as to earn tolls and profits." As Lord Justice TURNER said, "There is no occasion for alarm at the nature of the security of the debenture-holders of a railway company which is carrying on business at a profit, as the debenture-holders have the first charge on the profits earned." The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway earns far more than its working expenses, and the surplus would probably at this moment meet the current interest on debentures. The collapse which has been caused by temporary inability to reborrow capital sums as they fell due indicates an unsoundness in railway finance which can only be corrected by the gradual substitution of an irredeemable stock for temporary loans. The National Debt would be an intolerable burden to the country if Consols were, like Exchequer Bills, subject to repayment at the end of a definite term.

By the most important part of the judgment, the LORDS JUSTICES declare that the surplus lands of the Company are not a part of the security given to the debenture-holders. The Directors, indeed, may at their choice apply the whole or part of the sums arising from resales to the discharge of their bond debts, as to any other purpose of the undertaking; but the Court, in confirming the order for a receiver of tolls and profits, expressly adds that "this order is not to extend to any rents or sale moneys arising from the surplus lands of the Company." The pith of Sir H. CAIRNS's elaborate judgment is contained in a single paragraph, which states that "the undertaking, as far as these contracts of mortgage are concerned, is, in my opinion, made over as a thing completed; as a going concern with internal and Parliamentary powers of management not to be interfered with; as a fruit-bearing tree, the produce of which is the fund dedicated by the contract to secure and pay the debt." The interests of debenture-holders will probably not be injuriously affected by the judicial prohibition to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs; but even if a certain class of capitalists suffers, it would be utterly unjustifiable to redress the evil by Parliamentary confiscation. Lord REDESDALE proposed to transfer, by a penal and *ex post facto* Act, the mortgaged property from the insolvent borrower to the mortgagee. His project has been strongly censured as an attempt to administer rough justice at the cost of a random violation of legal rights; and the justice of the criticism is proved by the discovery that a portion of the property which he would have extorted from the debtor is not included in the mortgage. The surplus lands, which might in some cases be extremely valuable, would, under Lord REDESDALE's extemporaneous Bankruptcy Act, have been gratuitously bestowed on the class which he favoured. It is extremely doubtful whether the creditors are entitled to the remedy of foreclosure, and it is certain that they can under no circumstances take, in satisfaction of their demands, any property which has not been assigned by the debenture bonds. The fruit of the railway tree furnishes the true security for the debt; and it is notorious that wealthy Companies, when they have occasion to borrow large sums of money, publish statements, not of the value of their estates and plant, but of the amount of their clear average revenue. Although the rent of a landed estate may, by a simple calculation, be converted into an estimate of purchase-money, no similar relation exists between the fixed capital of a trading Company and its earnings. It might well happen that, if railways were sold for debt, some would be worth twenty years' purchase, while the prospects of other undertakings admitted only of being multiplied by ten. The legal security must, in case of controversy, be determined by the proper tribunals, and, practically, credit has been given on the faith of an actual or calculated revenue.

Notwithstanding the ambiguity of some of Lord REDESDALE's expressions, it must be supposed that he would not advise Parliament to take the initiative in confiscation. His first letter was suggested by the Bill deposited by the London and Chatham Board for the creation by consent of a preference stock ranking above the debentures. Theoretically, Parliament would be justified, should the Bill be prosecuted, either in re-

jecting the terms of the arrangement or in proposing stricter conditions of remedial legislation. No difficulty can really arise as long as Committees adhere to the established practice of requiring the consent of a large majority of every class which may be affected by the Bill. If the debenture-holders were convinced that the discharge of their claims would be secured and accelerated by the proposed issue of stock, it would be an exhibition of useless harshness to refuse Parliamentary sanction to a mutually beneficial contract. The insertion of clauses requiring either foreclosure or the extension of the security to the surplus lands would be useless rather than unjust, as long as the promoters retained the ordinary power of withdrawing a burdensome Bill. Lord REDESDALE, however, in some of his later letters, pointed to a public Act for regulating the bankruptcy of Railway Companies, and he has never yet disclaimed the intention of making his legislation retrospective. The objection to a Bankruptcy Bill in itself would be that its provisions would almost certainly be inoperative, and that its policy in the present stage of experience would be necessarily doubtful. The arbitrary reconstruction of existing contracts would be far more gravely inexpedient. The propriety of waiting for a time before attempting even prospective legislation is shown by the reversal of the first judgment obtained in the case of the Chatham Company. For six months arguments have been naturally founded on the inconvenience which must ensue when a commercial undertaking is managed by the Court of Chancery; but it now appears that the Court repudiates the functions of management, and that its officers will be confined to the duty of receiving the profits for the benefit of the creditors. Many questions of equal importance will probably be raised in the course of litigation. It is not certain that judgment creditors stand on the footing of debenture-holders, and it appears that the furniture of the London stations of the Company is at this moment in the possession of persons claiming under an execution or a bill of sale. Any relief which is awarded by Parliament must be founded on a knowledge of the respective rights of all parties, and on their consent to the proposed arrangement. In the meantime, all flourishing Companies ought to use their utmost efforts to issue the debenture stock which they have, for the most part, authority to create. When one-third of the capital of an undertaking may in certain contingencies become a charge upon revenue, no abundance or elasticity of traffic and profit furnishes a perfect security against temporary insolvency.

OUR ADMIRALTY.

IT is a rather unpleasant and very pregnant fact that the best friends of the navy always happen to be the deadliest enemies of the Admiralty. It matters not whether a man is in the service or an outsider, whether his interests lie in conciliating the omnipotent Board or in guarding the public purse against dockyard extravagance. The result is always the same; and there is neither naval officer nor civilian who has done anything effectual for the good of the fleet and the efficiency of our naval establishments who is not felt as a thorn in the side of the Admiralty. If this were only an occasional coincidence, it might perhaps be explained; but the symptom is so universal as to force one to the conclusion that it is as impossible to be at the same time a friend of the navy and its governing Board as it is to be on terms of offensive and defensive alliance with two opposing belligerents. Scarcely a week passes without illustrating this curious fact, and quite recently we have had two striking examples in Mr. SEELY's speech at Lincoln, and Captain SHERARD OSBORNE's article in the *Fortnightly Review*. Both Mr. SEELY and Captain OSBORNE had evidently struggled to do what might be done in the way of naval reform without coming into unnecessary collision with the Board; but the civilian censor was driven to expose the most scandalous waste and the most unfair tactics in defence, while the gallant Captain can suggest no milder remedy than to sweep the decks clean of My Lords and all their belongings, and start afresh with a new organization as unlike as possible to that which has so long obstructed all improvement. Mr. SEELY's recapitulation of the official sins which he has lashed will make it easier to understand the necessity of the radical changes which Captain OSBORNE insists upon. The recital of the mischief should come before the enactment of the remedy, and we will therefore give a few words to the facts before we consider Captain OSBORNE's proposed reforms.

If present and expectant First Lords would study the modest, though vigorous, account which Mr. SEELY gives of his campaign against the Admiralty, they might learn some lessons which would improve their administration. He says

that he went into Parliament without any pretensions to statesmanship, but with a knowledge of business and accounts which he resolved to turn to account in establishing a little audit of his own over Admiralty expenditure. He did outside of office, in some special departments of works, what ought to be done in every department by the Admiralty itself and its staff. He found out where money was being wasted in a fashion the like of which we may not expect to see anywhere but in a dockyard. He offered to help rather than to oppose the Admiralty, and he was told that the annual waste of which he spoke was imaginary, and that, though his detailed charges could not be discussed in the House of Commons, nothing would be easier than to refute them at the office. With a boldness for which the organs of the Admiralty in the House of Commons have always been famous, Mr. SEELY's challenge was accepted, and the disputed questions of fact were referred to the ordeal of an investigation at which both the Admiralty and its accuser were to be present. With one trifling exception, every charge that had been brought was substantiated; and so terrible did Mr. SEELY and his industrious Secretary become at Somerset House, that the inquiry which had been conceded was suddenly and arbitrarily stopped, lest something worse should be disclosed than had already been discovered. And yet this was scarcely possible. For among the facts stated by Mr. SEELY, denied by Lord CLARENCE PAGET, and afterwards proved beyond even the powers of official contradiction, were such as these:—The *Frederick William* was repaired at a cost which exceeded by 147,000*l.* the sum for which she could have been built. The same articles cost more than twice as much in one dockyard as they do in another. Boats estimated at from 7*l.* to 12*l.* have cost, in fact, various sums from 25*l.* to 100*l.* The outlay upon anchors, since the monopoly of supply has been held by a single firm, has been 170,000*l.* more than the market price, and yet the Admiralty anchors have proved, on trial of seven different specimens, to be the worst of all. Then, again, the Admiralty have, in sheer ignorance, wasted pig-iron worth 300,000*l.* for purposes for which materials of a tenth part the value would be not only as good, but much better. These are the sort of facts which Mr. SEELY not only alleged, but proved; and one cannot be much surprised that the Admiralty was anxious to close an investigation which was daily covering it with disgrace. The wisdom of this policy may, however, be doubted, for no one can resist the inference that, if every branch of naval work had been overhauled with the same acuteness, the like incapacity and waste would have been detected throughout. Mr. SEELY has declared his intention of persisting in the work in which he has been so usefully employed, and sooner or later he cannot fail to undermine the singular superstition which teaches that a Board, and that a fluctuating Board, is the right sort of body to have the management of a business so vast and varied as that which enjoys the nominal supervision of the Lords of the Admiralty. The strange thing about this doctrine is, that while almost every one seems to believe in the charmed life of the Board, no one has any faith in the Board itself. It lives, not because it is thought worthy to live, but because it is looked upon as a kind of fate no more to be got rid of than SINDBAD's old man of the sea.

Captain OSBORNE's temperate but damaging sketch of the past history of the Admiralty ought to be enough to seal the doom of any institution; but we confess to grave doubts whether anything short of a great naval disaster will ever suffice to relieve us of a naval government at once theoretically absurd and practically inefficient. The great vice in the constitution of the Board is, that departmental work, instead of being done by permanent servants, who would be responsible for the performance of their duties, is parcelled out among the constantly changing Junior Lords, whose individual responsibility is shifted on to the corporate shoulders of an impersonal Board. Now and then, a Lord of the Admiralty may be sufficiently competent, and may remain in office long enough to learn something about his duties; but when it is considered that in the last thirty-six years we have had eighteen First Lords and one hundred and ten Juniors, the average experience with which the Navy is administered may be readily estimated. And the worst of the evil is, that this many-headed master is not only incapable of giving effective direction, but inevitably destroys the serviceableness of every subordinate official. Who can wonder that the accounts of the navy are still in confusion, when the ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL can say that he has served ninety-seven masters, and worked under a recurring succession of contradictory orders? But what is the remedy? Stated very broadly, it assumes the same shape from whatever quarter the suggestion comes. A responsible Minister at the head, ruling a

staff of departmental officers, is the only rational arrangement for the conduct of any branch of the public service. Under-Secretaries may be added to relieve the political chief of some of his labour, but the essence of any organization must be to supply the Minister at the same time with experienced advisers and efficient servants in the heads of the several subordinate departments. One difficulty occurs, both in military and naval matters, in regulating the position of the Executive Head. Few would recommend the introduction into the navy of the ill-defined and anomalous relations which exist between the MINISTER of WAR and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of the army; and Captain OSBORNE's programme, which is otherwise satisfactory enough, comes too near to this kind of dualism to accord either with the teachings of theory or experience. As we understand the scheme, the Parliamentary Chief is to be the absolute head of the Civil Government of the Admiralty, and is to sit in the House of Lords, with Under-Secretaries to represent him in the Commons. The theory of this restriction is to place the Minister above all temptation in the way of electioneering tactics; but the experience of the Duke of SOMERSET's administration has not been favourable to a plan which greatly diminishes the influence of the country upon the management of the navy. The Executive Government is proposed to be committed to a naval Commander-in-Chief, to whom all matters relating to the efficiency of the ships and men of the fleet, and the entire distribution of naval patronage, are to be committed. If such an officer were expressly subordinated to the SECRETARY of STATE, the arrangement would be free from objection, and this is perhaps what is meant by the conditions that the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF is not to be a member of either House, and is to be responsible through the SECRETARY of STATE. But it would be better to say distinctly that he is to be nothing more than the first executive servant of the Minister of State. The precise subdivisions of duty which Captain OSBORNE proposes in the Civil and Executive departments are, for the most part, prescribed by the necessity of the case. The Accounts, the Machinery, the Stores, the Works, the Victualling and Medical departments, would each need a head in the Civil department, while the Executive work is parcelled out between a Surveyor-General, responsible for construction, and other officers presiding over the Ordnance, the Coast-guard, the Marines, and the Transport and Scientific departments. The organization would, indeed, almost grow of itself into some such shape as this when once the supreme Minister was relieved of subordinates who are neither colleagues nor servants, and supported by a permanent non-political staff, trained to the several duties of the civil and combatant branches of the service. But it is so easy to see generally what ought to be done, and it has always been so impossible to bring about any change, that one can scarcely hope for any substantial result even from Mr. SEELY's damaging discoveries and Captain OSBORNE's sensible project of Reform.

THE DEARTH OF NEW POETS.

AMONG the many complaints of the sterility and barrenness of the age to which we are accustomed, none is more common, or at first sight more well-founded, than the assertion that the age does not seem to be productive of poetry. Plato proposed, as we know, to banish poets from his ideal commonwealth. The one thing which England has in common with Utopia, perhaps, is that the race of poets is dying out. Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning still are left, but, if they were to disappear to-morrow, Her Majesty would find as much difficulty in selecting a Laureate for her yearly butt of sherry as the University of Oxford does in choosing a successor to Mr. Matthew Arnold's ornamental chair. We should have to put up with somebody who had written decent hymns, or at best with some accomplished manufacturer of *vers de société*. This seems a melancholy prospect for a country which in past times has given birth to really noble poetry, and which still turns out, from time to time, historians, philosophers, and critics of genuine power. Some people account for the want of budding poets upon the hypothesis that the times in which we live are neither sentimental nor stirring. The objection to this explanation is that it is totally untrue. There is plenty of loose sentimentality afloat, alike in politics, theology, and social life, only that it does not take a poetical form. There seldom has been a generation which read more poetry, or appreciated so profusely and indiscriminately everything of the kind that fell in its way. And the current events of contemporary history are the very reverse of uninteresting. The old and new worlds are passing through a stage of transition and excitement; nationalities are rising; thrones and dynasties falling; old principles waning; new and fruitful ideas daily starting up to take their place. If great events always sowed the seed of poetry broadcast, we might expect a plentiful and vigorous crop. Looking back to the past

history of mankind, we see, or think we see, that great events used to have this result upon the imagination of men and women; but they seem no longer to possess the stimulating power which we have been taught to attribute to them. The French Revolution was to Europe as momentous a crisis as any through which ancient Greece passed. But the French Revolution has not done as much for poetical literature as the Persian war. France has had no poets since worthy of standing by the side of the greatest authors of antiquity or of modern ages. Béranger is far inferior to Horace; Victor Hugo is not Lucretius; Alfred de Musset is no Euripides; and all the play-writers of the last half-century no more make up one Aristophanes than several hundred of Sir Edwin Landseer's lions would make a single sphinx. Great works of genius no doubt have been produced for which we ought not to be ungrateful. Without the French Revolution we should not perhaps have had Balzac. But the fact remains that poets of a massive order appear to have ceased altogether to exist. Even if we take the most celebrated of the nineteenth century, and those whose influence and fame is most likely to be permanent, and place them by the side of the finest classical models, they dwarf and dwindle in the comparison. Wordsworth perhaps, for rare classical finish and genuine human sentiment, stands at the head of the modern school. It is one of the pleasures of life to be able to appreciate his simplicity and strength. Mr. Tennyson's romantic and gorgeous poetry, again, is an honour to the country which ranks him as her best living lyrical performer. But if we turn from these highly-cultivated specimens of art to a single drama of Aristophanes or Sophocles, we seem to be passing from a blooming English garden into scenery of a far grander and colossal scale. The wealth of imagination in the *Birds*, or in either *Edipus*, overpowers and astounds us. Contrasted with such infinite treasures of grandeur and sweetness combined, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Wordsworth themselves look like finished exercises, faultless here and there in composition, but never so faultless as when they succeed in catching the ring of old and time-worn passages. There ought to be some good reason for modern poverty as compared with ancient richness; but it is not easy, even after a careful study of history and of literature, to know exactly what the reason is.

One theory put forward occasionally by way of explanation is that we are living in a negative age, which is full of scepticism and uncertainty as to what it should believe or disbelieve. To a certain extent, and within certain limits, the accusation is correct. Just as metaphysical scepticism is the result of a familiar acquaintance with half a dozen great philosophical systems, all of which seem equally true and equally untrue, a general feeling of doubt and hesitation is necessarily prevalent in later ages which look back on history and find it made up of various pageants and illusions which all served the wise ends of Providence, and all dissolved in smoke when these ends were once attained. But the negativism which weighs upon men's spirits, and is supposed to paralyse men's imagination, cannot be considered as purely a modern growth. The Greek drama itself flourished in an age as negative in many respects as our own. Aristotle and Plato sprang from the loins of a school of negation; Euripides was, it is thought, a disbeliever; Sophocles was at most a pious sceptic; and Aristophanes is nothing better than a reactionary Athenian Sadducee. If negativism did not kill imagination in those days, it does not seem self-evident why it should kill it in these. Weighed in the balance with the times of which we are speaking, the present age is by no means one of dreary despair. It is far easier to perceive now, than it was to perceive then, that there is an orderly and progressive movement in the world. Those were days of political and religious chaos; these, estimated at the worst, and after due allowance for the decay of political systems and of religious faith over which we often grumble, are not so hopeless that one cannot see order for the future evolving itself out of disorder. No one can feel sure that, even if the ideas most nearly bound up with our hopes for this world and the next were to loose their hold upon the human mind, other ideas might not start up to supply their place, and to act as substitutes for them. The generation, then, in which our lot is cast is not purely negative. Destroy even the cherished heirlooms of the past, and the world, in spite of all, has a boundless expanse before it. As human beings multiply, the sum total of error and of crime increases as a matter of course, but, in proportion to the additional life of the world, no one can say that the race is growing more selfish or wicked than it used to be; on the contrary, signs are not wanting of a tendency, upon the whole, to improve and to develop. If poetry is declining, the causes of the declension cannot therefore be referred with safety to any general paralysis of faith. And even if the tendency of a negative age were to destroy imaginative power, it must be remembered that there always are plenty of individual minds which escape from, and are not subject to, the tendencies, as they are called, of their own times. Granting that it is a necessity of the present state of things that poets do not, as a rule, lurk under every tree, the absence of exceptional poetical genius has still to be accounted for. A great poet, one would imagine, might inspire himself by living in the past, supposing he found it dreary to live altogether in the dusty present. The truth is that the dearth of poetry does not spring from any of the causes ordinarily assigned to it; otherwise we should, every other year, come across occasional examples of studious or self-contained spirits which set at defiance and soared above the conditions of their time.

We think that sensible observers will find a plainer and less

romantic explanation sufficient to account for part, at all events, of the poetical declension which they deplore. First of all, there are now far more channels for the productive power of the human mind to flow in than there were of old. The origin of poetry, very possibly, was due to a very humble and matter-of-fact cause. It is much easier to remember poetry than it is to recollect prose; and in times when printing and writing were rare or unknown, prose literature was impossible. Barbarous nations have plenty of poetry, but no prose. As soon as the mechanical invention of writing comes into play, poetry ceases to be the one necessary vehicle of thought. Epic poems give place to history. Homer disappears and Herodotus takes his place. Composition becomes more fluent, and less compact and concentrated. It is no longer essential for the composer to mould every sentence in a shape in which it may impress itself on the memory, and to provide it with a rhythm or a rhyme by which it may be remembered. Henceforward he writes for the eye, and not only for the ear; his productions are not addressed to an audience of listeners, but to a public that can read and study at its leisure. The first great check given to poetry is not, then, from any inherent decay in the human imagination, but from the material and mechanical improvement without which civilization would have been impossible. And, as time goes on, a similar tendency is perceptible. We have less poetry in later ages because we can do without it better. An infinity of subjects open up to us, upon which genius and intellect can bestow its labour. For every votary of the Muses that mankind loses, it gains an historian, a novelist, a philosopher, a theologian, or a man of science. Instead of a single great river, we have a thousand fertilizing streams. And the cheaper and more universal literature becomes, the more difficult it is for poetry to retain its position of supremacy. Great minds do not devote themselves to it as they used to do. There are other things to be done besides chiselling sentences, or even moulding splendid fancies into rhythm. Instead of being, as he once was, the paragon and instructor of his age, the poet is only one of a multitude of teachers and of prophets. Parnassus, instead of being reserved exclusively for the cultivation of the bay tree, is given up to a number of active and energetic squatters, who turn the romantic wilderness into arable land, and produce a variety of useful and healthy crops, which take precedence of the old ornamental laurel. To take a single instance, it is astonishing what a difference has been made to the manufacture of poetry by the modern development of the novel. Novel-writing is a field that draws off yearly a score of sentimental and imaginative persons, who, if novels did not exist, might perhaps devote their energies to studying verses, and each of whom, after many years, and at the close of a long life, might conceivably have produced some fifty or sixty stanzas which posterity would rather read than not. Mr. Browning is a poet, because he is not a novelist. There are, perhaps, a score of novelists in return, who, if they were not novelists, might have been poetasters, or even poets. The temptation to write prose works of fiction, from a worldly point of view, is greater. The chances of ultimate failure are smaller, the immediate pecuniary return is more certain, the necessity for long study and laborious concentration is less; and prose is not only more easily produced, and more richly paid, but it is far less severely criticized, and is both a less ambitious and a more marketable speculation. If humorous romances had never been invented, it is conceivable that Mr. Thackeray might have been a comedian; just as Juvenal, if he had lived in the days of Addison, might have contributed to the *Spectator*. If Addison had been a contemporary of our own, he might have been a writer of hebdomadal satire in *Punch*, or in the numerous reviews. In proportion as literature requires less effort and toil, its productions become at once more plentiful, and less powerful and concentrated. We have done away with beacon fires, and have substituted gas-lamps down every street and thoroughfare.

The progress of music is possibly one of the causes that must be taken into account in speaking of the decline of poetry-making. When Music, heavenly maid, was young, Poetry was grown up. The pair have insensibly changed places. Music has developed into a popular and intellectual science; great artists have appeared, one after another, whose productions will live perhaps as long as the productions of Æschylus or Sophocles; and sentimentality and genius are no longer driven to find expression for their thoughts in words. Beethoven and Mendelssohn have taken the place of poets in the nineteenth century. It is not of course true in the very least that music is a modern invention; but, like all other arts, it has benefited by mechanical progress, and has been increasing its hold upon the attention of the civilized world. It may also possibly be true that sentiment is more equable in these days, and finds more vent than it used to do upon simple objects of daily life. The world is always full of ups and downs, but, upon the other hand, comfort and luxury increase daily among the educated classes; ordinary life is not so full, as a rule, of picturesque situations, and the course of true love very frequently runs smooth. The result of this is that refinement and culture have a gentle and easy time of it. The fine and delicate feelings which used to be forced back on themselves are spent in making other people happy, in adding to the ease and elegance of life, and in smoothing down its rough edges. Even despairing lovers are going out of date, except in novels and upon the stage. Life is not in itself either a tragedy or a comedy any longer. It is a more or less rapid and comfortable railway journey, with pleasant companions, a constant change of scenery, and newspapers and refreshments at every station. Mingling with our fellow-creatures in this busy

and pleasant way does not increase our chance of being poets. Nobody seems to have any reason for restraining his sympathies, or converting himself into an hermetically-sealed reservoir of sentimental steam. Life, as Longfellow tells us, is earnest and active, and accordingly the Psalm of Life itself is nothing but a very well-meaning, but badly rhyming, piece of prose.

On the other hand, we do not see why the world need make itself unhappy because it generates few new poets. The old ones are good enough for those who care about poetry, and if it were not, as Tristram Shandy says, for "the vanity of the thing," one might do without any additions to their number. Almost every feeling that the human breast is capable of entertaining has been expressed nearly to perfection. Every great passion has been portrayed, most characters are to be found in the poet's picture-gallery. Every man cannot have a Holbein or a Rembrandt on his wall, but every one of us can keep Hamlet and Romeo upon our library shelves. Certainly one does not like to think that our age is inferior; and if the charge of a dearth of new poets really was a reproach, it would be proper to resent it with dignity. We think it means nothing of the kind. If a new poet does appear we shall be glad to see him, and to watch his early performances with interest and enthusiasm; but English verses are likely every day to become more and more like Latin verses—useful, that is to say, as a means of self-culture or self-amusement, but comparatively an unimportant addition to the literary riches of the world.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

MOST persons of common sense learn, after a short experience, the uselessness of argument in conversation. If the decision of any controversy depended upon one particular issue, and if the efforts of the rival talkers could ever be restrained to that issue, there might be some prospect of advantage. But, as a matter of fact, every controversy is polygonal. It is not a question whether A. is B. or not B., but also whether A. may not be partly B., and whether the relations between A. and B. are at all relevant, and whether C. and D. may not have something to do with it, and whether fifty other propositions are or are not true and to the purpose. Hence the discussion of private life is as unlike as possible to the dialogue of philosophical writers. In the written dialogue there is always felt to be a tacit understanding between the disputants to keep to one track, and avoid all the tempting avenues which branch off in different directions. But when two or three men are gathered together for an argument, there is no such understanding, either tacit or implied. Neither the facts nor the general principles are ever agreed upon by both sides, nor, as a rule, is it even settled what is the question under discussion. An argument may, of course, lead to very pleasant discursive talk about anything and everything; but the last thing to which it leads is a decision. And if there is something pleasant, so long as people keep their tempers, about the general splashing and stirring up of the waters of controversy which ensues, this does not apply to personal disputes, where it is naturally more difficult to keep the temper. In such cases there seems to be only one generally recognised logical axiom—namely, that any stone is good enough to throw at a dog. Anything, relevant or irrelevant, which your adversary dislikes to hear mentioned, is for that reason likely to be serviceable; so that it is not uncommon to hear a discussion as to the soundness of a man's theology end in a vehement dispute about the shape of his nose.

When people rush into print, they ought to be more logical, as having more time for reflection; but we do not find in practice that this is always the case. The parties to a newspaper controversy generally show the same capacity for a discursive style of argument, in spite of the supervision of able editors. A case has lately occurred in one of those international disputes which seem to be even more irritating than private personalities. Somebody has, rightly or wrongly, accused the French of practising barbarous cruelties upon horses. Now it is a very fair ground for argument whether such practices can be justified by any considerations of science or education. So narrow a dispute, however, is despised by the energetic combatants. Like American duellists, they scorn the narrow rules which would confine each man to his own ground, and prefer being turned out into a wood, each man seizing upon any spot of vantage from which he can in any way annoy his antagonist. Accordingly, they immediately resort to the well-known controversial figure called the *tu quoque*, or the "mote and the beam" style of discussion. The beauty of this is that it opens to each side the boundless treasury of international prejudices. Don't talk about our cutting up live horses, says one side, when you have been flogging live negro women. What is flogging negro women, is the retort, compared with suffocating Arabs in a cave? This vein once opened, we see no reason why it should not be worked to any extent. How about the blowing mutineers from the mouths of guns? Who drowned aristocrats by wholesale in the Loire? Who are the people that sell their wives habitually in Smithfield? Who are they who eat frogs and wear wooden shoes? Nor, if there is any danger of this stream of rhetoric running dry, need there be the least difficulty in discovering new and perennial sources. One gentleman has already begun the general subject of the defective arrangements for teaching veterinary science in England. From this it is only a step to the general question of centralization and self-government. And hence we might make

an easy transition to the stupid aristocracy which pretends to govern England, or to the crew of misguided atheists and Voltairians who have corrupted the moral sense of France. In one direction, we may sink as low as the bargee who sees the point of the venerable sarcasm connecting puppy pie with Maidenhead Bridge. In another, we may soar as high as the philosophy of Mr. Burke, "commonly called the Sublime."

The general fatuity of such matter, except for the purpose of filling newspaper columns, is sufficiently obvious. The logic, although peculiar, is just worth notice on account of its very common occurrence. Why should not a man point out a particular evil in France, as he might point out a similar evil in England, without producing such a terrible explosion? When a man points out the mote in his brother's eye, he must be ready to remove the beam from his own, under penalty of condemnation as a hypocrite. But that is no reason why he should not point out the mote, if he happens to see it, so long as he does it civilly, and without seeking to extenuate his own beam. If you tell a man that his shoestring is untied, you do not by any logical necessity set up a claim to a better coat and a generally superior taste in dressing. Unfortunately, most people labour under a propensity to draw inferences, which is the greatest possible hindrance to just reasoning. Psychological writers are fond of remarking upon the large proportion of our knowledge which is built up of inference. We see a mere particoloured patch, and instantaneously construe it to be a man or a house by a kind of spontaneous instinct. In the same way, it is hard to make a simple statement without some one immediately constructing a syllogism of which it is supposed to form part, and for which the speaker is made responsible. An assertion that the free blacks of Jamaica are badly off is by one class supposed to amount to an elaborate defence of slavery; by another, the remark that there are mistranslations in the authorized version of the Scriptures is considered to amount to an open avowal of infidelity. There are, indeed, certain cases in which the popular assumption is not so wrong as it looks; for particular sets of facts are so incessantly quoted in behalf of certain creeds that any one making use of them may, not without plausibility, be put down as at least "suspect." When a man tells you in the streets that he has eaten nothing since the day before yesterday, he is tacitly arguing, as we may not unfairly suppose, that it is your duty to give him some coppers. And if a man is abusing Mr. Lowe, we must assume either that he is an ardent Radical, or that he is foolish enough to be doing other men's work—which is less complimentary. But why, because a man says that the French cut up horses cruelly, and that they ought not to do it, should he be saddled with the much wider statement that the English are more humane than the French? If he is not supposed to undertake the defence of that proposition, all the taunts and counter- taunts about Jamaica negroes and Arabs smoked in the cave have simply no bearing on the question. Very probably we treated negroes badly, but that is no proof that the French are not cruel to horses, or that one of the thirty million Englishmen who did not flog negro women may not write to the papers and say so. If an habitual drunkard warns us against walking on Sunday, the temptation to retort is considerable, because a man does not generally interfere with his neighbours unless he conceives himself to be on a platform of moral superiority; and because, also, good advice from one's neighbour is a practice most religiously to be discouraged. But there seems to be no reason for imputing any such international arrogance to a man who points out a special blot in the system of a foreign country, and especially one which admits of an easy remedy.

The disadvantages of thus discouraging all international criticism—for the argument, if we may call it an argument, is as applicable to one criticism as another—are obvious. In the first place, it is desirable to hear our neighbours' remarks upon us, because they are quicker than we are at seeing our faults. It is a great pity to render any piece of surgery impossible, by taking every care that the wound shall inflame, when we have persons so ready and willing to use the knife. The pleasure of washing one's dirty linen at home is proverbial; but, after all, it is a good thing that foreigners should remark upon the need for washing, as no other remark is likely to be so effective. And, secondly, this disparagement of international criticism involves a great error—the error that one people can claim a general superiority to another. We are really too much on a level to be above taking each other's advice. The doctrine that one man is as good as another may be inaccurate as regards individuals, but, as between civilized nations, it is highly philosophical. It is too late for any one to assume that one Englishman is as good as three Frenchmen, either morally, physically, or intellectually, or to maintain the reverse of that time-honoured formula. The nations vary widely, but rather because the good qualities of one are compensated by different merits in another, than because one can assume that it has all the virtues, and the other all the defects. We cannot be put in a class-list, like students in the university, but must be compared in many different categories, and with very varying results. The legitimate inference should be that when a writer finds fault with another nation in some particular, he is not to be understood as claiming any general superiority for his own country, but that he merely specifies a failing, which we may presume to be sufficiently made up for in other directions.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

THE Report of the third Sub-Committee—that appointed to consider the question of allowing undergraduates to live in lodgings, with or without connexion with Colleges—is one of quite another character from the two which we have already considered. Bearing, as it does, among other signatures, those of Mr. Goldwin Smith, of Mr. Wayte, now President of Trinity, and of Professor Bernard, it comes recommended by a higher degree of authority, and it is seen at the first glance to be conceived in quite a different spirit. The exclusively or especially clerical tone is gone. We at once remark the same difference in the last Report of the series—that of the Sub-Committee on Extension by Affiliation, signed, among others, by Mr. Goldwin Smith, and by Professors Acland, Rolleston, Rogers, and Henry Smith. In neither of these do we find the slightest approach to sneering at surgeons or solicitors or any other class. On the other hand, the case of the clergy, though not allowed any undue prominence, is never forgotten. The former of these two Reports tells us in its first page that its "inquiries are not limited to any particular class of persons," that "the main object of this movement is to furnish Academical status and instruction to poor men seeking to be ordained as clergymen, to become practitioners in Law or Medicine, or to enter into business." The other Sub-Committee "takes it for granted that an increase of the means of University education for clergymen, though of the highest importance, is not the sole object of the movement which has led to the formation of the Committee." "There may not be," they go on to say, "the same need of an increased number of solicitors or medical men as there is of an increased number of clergymen; but that there is need of better educated solicitors and better educated medical men is admitted on all hands, and most emphatically, as the Sub-Committee believes, by the leading members of those professions." This is the right sort of thing; it is eminently cheering to read after the somewhat dreary picture of a boundless inroad of curates on which the other Sub-Committees dwell with such delight. Such a beginning leads us to look with favourable eyes on whatever may come after.

Of the questions with which these two Sub-Committees deal, that of undergraduates living in lodgings has been discussed over and over again since these controversies began, while that of affiliation has been much less often heard of. Fresh attention was called to the lodging question some time back by a brush between Dr. Temple and Mr. Meyrick. That Mr. Meyrick had the temporary advantage is plain. Dr. Temple, in the Report of the first Commission, argued vigorously against allowing students to live in private houses; a dozen years later he was found arguing with equal zeal in behalf of allowing them to do so. Now it is no sort of discredit to Dr. Temple to have changed his opinion; but it unquestionably implies a certain lightness which must detract from the value of his judgment, if he altogether forgot—for we cannot suppose that he wilfully concealed—that he had once written, and, as many people thought, written with no small force, on the opposite side of the question to that which he afterwards supported. Still this does not prove that Dr. Temple's later judgment may not be in itself sounder than his earlier one. The present Sub-Committee argue the matter in a much more satisfactory way than most of the disputants on either side. It has been often discussed as if it were merely a question between the comparative advantages of life in College and of life in lodgings. Looking at it in this way, the triumph of the supporters of College life is easy. But this way of looking at it does not go to the bottom of the question. It is not enough to show that College life has a great many advantages which students living in lodgings would lose. The question is not which we should recommend to a man who could make his choice between the two. The question is whether the advantages of the Collegiate system are so overwhelming that the University is bound, not only to offer them to all its members, but to force them down all their throats. It must not be forgotten that, as far as the theory of the University is concerned, there is absolutely no difference between a student unattached and a student who is a member of a College. The obligation which lies on every member of the University to enter himself at some College or Hall is simply laid on him by a University Statute, which the University can repeal whenever it pleases. So to do would be simply to fall back on the state of things which existed before the Colleges had obtained their present monopoly. The business of the opponents of lodgings is not only to prove residence in College to be better, but to prove residence in lodgings to be so bad that it ought not to be tolerated. Otherwise the presumption is certainly in favour of a measure which proposes to restore to members of the University that ancient freedom of choice which has been taken from them by a comparatively modern enactment. The presumption is in favour of trying every scheme of extension which does not manifestly contradict the great principles on which the University is founded. The Oxford Reform Act allowed the establishment of Private Halls. The Private Halls have been a failure. It is not wonderful that they have been so, as to enter at a Private Hall was to give up the advantages of College life without getting, as far as we can see, any advantages in return. Still the Private Halls were a possible experiment, and it was perfectly right to allow and to try that experiment. So the present Sub-Committee simply ask that the scheme of

lodgings be tried as an experiment; they suggest it, not as the one means of extension, but simply as one alternative out of several, to be tried, if it so happens, alongside of the foundation of new Colleges and of reform in the existing Colleges. Mr. Rogers goes further. Though he allows that it is not inconsistent with those other methods, he distinctly prefers the system of unattached students to either of them. But in all Mr. Rogers's writings on University matters, it is easy to see a certain tendency to undervalue the Collegiate system—a tendency which comes out here also. It is quite enough to ask, with the Sub-Committee, that this system be allowed to take its chance among others. Students living in lodgings may be of two kinds. They may be members of Colleges, allowed to live without the College walls, and whom it might be possible to release from many College expenses without wholly cutting them off from the advantages of College membership. No one can say that there is anything monstrous in this, when it is considered to how great an extent undergraduates at Cambridge, though members of the Colleges, live all their time in lodgings. The other form is a more daring one—that of allowing men to enter simply as students of the University, as in ancient times, without being members of any College or Hall at all. Such students must of course get all their instruction from the Professors and Private Tutors, and they must be subject to such rules of discipline as the University may think good to enact for them. We say with the Sub-Committee, Try. If the scheme either answers or fails, the controversy about it will be much more satisfactorily settled than it can be by disputing for ever about it *à priori*. But we cannot help adding that a change of this sort with regard to undergraduates falls in most harmoniously with the change which has been of late years silently working with regard to graduates. As we remarked before, the members of the foundations of the Colleges are gradually losing their exclusive hold on the affairs of the University. The number of resident Fellows is diminishing; the number of resident Masters who are not Fellows is largely increasing. An important share in University business is now taken by men whose main connexion is with the University itself. Some indeed are College Tutors or Lecturers; but it is now not uncommon for a man to be a Lecturer in a College of which he is not a member. Even in these cases the exclusive College connexion and College feeling is very much shattered. But others of the resident graduates belong in fact wholly to the University. They are simply Professors and Private Tutors, whose whole connexion is with the University, and who are bound to their Colleges by no tie beyond that which they share with their non-resident members. Masters of this sort who are practically unattached seem naturally to suggest the existence of unattached students also. And it is of course among the unattached Masters that we must look for the instructors of the unattached students, and for the ministers of such discipline among them as the University may think good to prescribe.

Daring as this scheme may seem, it is nothing but a return to the ancient practice of the University. It only remains to be seen whether the ancient practice can be adapted to the existing state of things. The Affiliation scheme is incomparably more daring, because it is pure innovation. It is proposed to allow men to pass examinations and to take degrees, part of whose residence shall have been kept, not in Oxford itself, but in affiliated institutions elsewhere. As we understand the scheme, the student might keep a certain number of terms in an affiliated College, and not be required to reside in Oxford till after passing the First Public Examination, grotesquely called Moderations. He would then come to Oxford for the later and more advanced portion of his career only. This, it is supposed, would meet the case of a great number of young men, especially in our large towns, who are anxious for Academical degrees and distinctions, but who cannot afford the time and cost of the full term of an Oxford residence. It seems to us that this scheme would answer well, if it were taken in connexion with a change which the Sub-Committee does not mention, but which seems to us all-important—namely, that everything should be done, as it was formerly, at a much earlier age than it is now. We suspect that this is one of the points, of which there are several, on which residents see less clearly than non-residents who keep up their connexion with, and interest in, the University. The younger residents take the state of things to which they are used for granted; the elder residents are not forcibly struck by changes which come in very gradually. But a change of this sort comes forcibly home to a man who remembers that he himself went up to College at an earlier age than that which he is now told is the proper age for his son to go up. The hope is that the Affiliation scheme would have a great tendency to reduce the age. The class of men contemplated would have every temptation to pass their Moderations, and to begin their actual residence in Oxford, as early as possible. They would wish to do so, partly in order to enter on their several professions as soon as possible, partly because they would naturally be anxious to leave the at least half-boyish state of the student of a local School or College for the acknowledged manhood of the Oxford resident. The work for Responsions and Moderations is, after all, purely schoolboy work, which a boy who has been well taught at school ought to be ready with at the age when he commonly now matriculates. We suspect that this is the case even with Moderation honours; with Moderation passes it palpably is so. Many a lad in an Affiliated College might be quite capable of Moderation honours; but we should expect to find a larger number, among the class intended, whose bent might not be towards pure scholarship, who would be satisfied with a

Moderation pass, but who would then begin their residence and apply themselves with profit, and often no doubt with distinction, to the subjects of one or more of the final schools. The subjects of two of those schools directly connect themselves with the legal and medical professions respectively. And no doubt many more members of those professions would be led to the University by the shortening of the necessary residence, and by the opportunity of concentrating their whole energies during such residence as would be required on subjects akin to the matter of their future callings. And of course they would come as early as they possibly could, and might thus help to set an example to others.

One of the most cheering features in this Report is the evidence which it gives of the wish of the leading members of the professions concerned, but especially of that of medicine, to procure Academical instruction for those very classes which merely clerical reformers are apt to forget. Every one must constantly meet with men, members especially of the professions which Dr. Hawkins is said so to despise, good men, clever men, in a way well-informed men, but who want that nameless something which is not always got by a University course, but which is seldom got in any other way. One cannot help instinctively thinking how much greater credit they would have done to the sound system of our ancient Universities than is done by the curate who, after his half-dozen plucks, is set up to preach to them. We fear that those members of the professional and mercantile callings who receive a University education will always remain a minority; but the more that can be got to receive it the better, and we may be certain that those who seek an Academical education will always be the best of their several classes. To let them in will be the main object of every real University reformer, and the authors of the two Reports which we have discussed in the present article are entitled to our best thanks for their labours in so good a cause.

SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

THE usual straws which are cast up before the meeting of Parliament, to discover the various currents of public feeling, have been launched. Those which, with more or less precision, affect to announce the intentions of the Cabinet have probably the least of real significance. As it is absurd to suppose that the Government policy on Reform has not been settled, and as it is plain from the conflicting character of the rumours as to Earl Derby's intentions that nobody out of the Cabinet knows anything about them, we may dismiss the many and ingenious surmises, based upon secret intelligence which they do not possess, which for the last four weeks have exercised the invention of the smaller fry of newspaper writers. The policy of silence has had the effect, for which of course it was intended, of embarrassing the Opposition. Whatever difficulties may attend the Government, they are hardly greater than those which await their opponents. The leading men have avoided committing themselves by resorting to the prudent expedient of foreign travel; but as it is not given to every man to contrive to spend the winter in Italy, there are Parliament men on whom the heavy burden of saying something about things in general is imperiously laid. We do not mean that Lord Amberley was much distressed by the appeal to his volubility which was presented at Nottingham; but at the present moment, as men's minds are not inclined seriously to discuss the sort of questions which are only not absolutely ridiculous at an Oxford or Cambridge Union, Lord Amberley's speculations may be dismissed without further notice. The monks of Athos, and the greater devotees of Buddhism, find the highest aim of man in self-contemplation, and the general attention of the world is not likely to disturb the serene satisfaction with which Lord Amberley may be supposed to regard his own intuitions and perfections. The notables who have spoken this week from the Radical platform are Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Bright. To Mr. Horsman belongs the honour of being the sole contributor of a statesman's view of the present situation. Speaking generally, it must be a trial to all politicians to have to say something when three or four days may force on them the unpleasant discovery that there are occasions on which paralysis of the larynx would not be the worst of physical inflections. Mr. Bright and Mr. Gibson had this in common—not that they had nothing to say, but that it was very inconvenient to talk at all. There was, however, a difference between what used to be called the "utterances" of these two gentlemen. The distinction between utterances and articulate speech is not unimportant, and the distinction is this—Mr. Milner Gibson had nothing to say, and he said it; Mr. Bright had plenty to say, and he said very little. Mr. Gibson talks about things in general; and Mr. Bright only about himself. The difference is more apparent than substantial; for while the member for Ashton-under-Lyne discusses the French Treaties, the old Corn Laws, the present state of the Reform question, and our relations with the United States, Mr. Bright does much the same thing when he discusses his autobiography, since he clearly wishes the people of Rochdale to supply the *quorum pars magna fui*, and to read the later History of England in the History of Mr. John Bright.

Mr. Milner Gibson may be congratulated on commendable industry in having read and remembered the newspapers for the last few months. In announcing commonplaces in a commonplace way, Mr. Gibson has few equals. His own exclusion from office and the defeat of his party suggests the profound reflection that, whoever is Prime Minister, the Government of England is not

carried on by *coups d'état*; and he consoles himself for the fact that his portfolio is in other hands by the safe and mild reflection that the people of England are not governed by prerogative and by the will of the Executive, but by the statute and common law. Such consolations few will have the wish to disturb. But as the constituency of Ashton scarcely went to see so thin a reed shaken by so mild a wind as this piece of constitutional history, Mr. Gibson went on to what certainly is a new view of the Constitution. He believes that, "according to the original theory and framework of the Constitution, it was intended that the householder should be the voter." That is to say, household suffrage for Parliament men is the British Constitution. Where we must look for this original theory and framework—convertible terms, of course—we are not told. No doubt it is enrolled in some pigeon-hole of that universal Chancery where the Social Contract is to be found. Mr. Gibson seems to think it as accessible as the United States Constitution, and perhaps finds it in Magna Charta, or the Bill of Rights, or the Great Remonstrance, or in some other accessible instrument. Lord Romilly has much to answer for in not having published this very important State Paper. But what was in other ages not made known to the scrutiny of Palgrave and Hallam has in these last days been made known to Mr. Gibson. We trust that the discovery will not die with him. Not that Mr. Gibson claims to have been the first to discover the secret of the British Constitution; he is indebted to Mr. Bright for this doctrine of the "ancient lines." Mr. Bright's historians, like Mr. Bright's poets, are recomdite. Mr. Gibson adds to his special knowledge of the past an enviable familiarity with the future. He combines the functions of prophet and sage, and finds, in a vision of a second Cave of Adullam and the disruption of the Ministerial supporters, a probable means of the reconstruction of the great Liberal party. If Lord Derby produces "a good Reform Bill"—good in Mr. Gibson's sense—the result will be a Tory Adullam; but we are not told how it is to come to pass, even if a section of the Tories abandon their chief, that four parties are more likely than two to carry a measure. But in discussing *idola speciei*—to say nothing of inventing them—we shall not enter into competition with Mr. Gibson. His official career has proved that he is not the man to interpose unnecessary obstacles to anybody or anything; and if he is satisfied with the prospect that, in doing nothing and saying nothing, the Liberals have only to play a waiting game, and that the late Ministers must resume their places only because the present Ministers cannot retain them, we are not cruel enough to disturb this hand-to-mouth policy. True to all his antecedents, Mr. Gibson has a great talent for letting things take their course; but a few solid intimations of the Whig policy of the future would at this moment be more valuable than a thin conspectus of the history of last Session. But to complain of want of force in Mr. Gibson is like criticising mutton broth for insipidity.

Mr. Bright has expanded the peroration of one of his speeches of last Session. If it was thought at the time that he had sailed very near the wind of egotism in condescending to be his own panegyrist in the House of Commons, the apology was cheerfully conceded that, in calling attention to his own public services, Mr. Bright was only answering a taunt. Moreover, he was justified by many a precedent. It is a commonplace, almost a common trick, of all orators to expand freely on their own merits. Demosthenes and Cicero are never so fluent as when they assure their audience that they have saved, or might have saved, the State in its last extremity of peril; and human nature seldom grudges a statesman, or even a demagogue, the harmless luxury of blowing his own trumpet. Very likely we all have a secret satisfaction in composing our own epitaphs. Sir Robert Peel, in almost his last speech, told the House of Commons what he wished in the way of a funeral conception; and could it be imagined that Mr. Bright's Wednesday's oration on himself had anything of a monumental character, he is not to be grudged the pleasant memories which occur to him while he surveys himself.

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam

was not the best of poetry, but it was honest. Cicero's fault in composing the panegyric of his own patriotism was that he did it in cold blood. The same criticism may justly be passed on this Rochdale oration. It is cool, premeditated, and artificial, and therefore cannot be relieved from the charge of vanity. Mr. Bright was more than pardoned, he was cheered, when on the floor of the House of Commons, and in the very teeth of foes, personal as well as political, he flung the indignant appeal to his own labours and his own successes. But the Rochdale Hall is not the House of Commons. Any cock can crow on his own dunghill. Self-vindication is not the same thing as self-eulogy; and we only laugh at an after-dinner speech in which the Chairman elaborates a panegyric on himself. Autobiographies and apologies for one's own life may very occasionally be endured; but for one man to review and to salute his own public career twice in six months is to set us upon inquiries which can hardly miss being thought, by Mr. Bright at least, impertinent. Autobiography, like theological confession, has its rules. The axiom is that confession must be complete; so must autobiography. It would be unfair to ask Mr. Bright to account for his own unpopularity, and for the distrust which, as he complains, is so generally coupled with his name. But we must be pardoned if we supplement the interesting life-history which he delivered on Wednesday night. The Corn Laws, and the repeal of the Paper Duty, and the destruction of the East India

Company's Charter, are certainly measures to which Mr. Bright gave his support, though not to all of them in equal degree. But still, admitting his share in them to have been as large as it may look in the purple haze of his self-complacency, and as valuable as his scheme for dividing India into six provinces shows one of them to have been, these things do not exhaust Mr. Bright's political career. He forgets to say—perhaps he is incapacitated to see—what his own violent and revolutionary language has done in the way of setting class against class, interest against interest, capital against labour, and property against both. It was not to be expected that he should remind his family circle at Rochdale what his doctrines on the tenure and the contemplated subdivision of land are, or that he has advocated the propriety of throwing the bulk of taxation on the owners of estates, and the largest share of the administration of the revenue into the hands of those who contribute the least towards it. It were easy to supplement Mr. Bright's florid catalogue of his services by a dry enumeration of some other and less admirable achievements. Even in a Roman triumph it was necessary to have a monitor to restrain even a victorious general's pleasant retrospects. The people of England have not forgotten Mr. Bright's view of patriotism in the Crimean war; and here in London we are not likely to neglect the claims on our gratitude put forward by the turbulent spirit which first advised the policy of menace and sedition. At the present moment Mr. Bright has to account for the fact—and it is a noticeable one—that not six politicians in England, nor any section of English opinion higher than that represented by Beales and Potter, choose to be identified with that agitation which Mr. Bright invented. Among his services towards re-establishing "the ancient lines," he does not, as he ought to have done, remember his (and his alone) suggestion that Parliamentary deliberations ought to be overawed by a London mob assembling in Palace Yard. Either the present imitation of the Parisian processions of 1793 is a legitimate or a seditious proceeding. If legitimate, Mr. Bright ought to have added it to his pompous enumeration of his political virtues; if it is discreditable to its author, it is ours to supply the chasm. At Rochdale Mr. Bright said nothing about the Reform League, and next to nothing about Reform. Yet, in what he did say, while soliciting praise for past moderation and patriotism, he was not ashamed to insist upon what it would be difficult to distinguish from communism as regards the land, and at the same time to "seize the sceptre for the people" through the mild instrumentality of "another event" akin to "the Indian Mutiny." Anyhow, he will not pretend to say that he was not the first to recommend these Demonstrations. It would have been not inconsistent with that Quaker simplicity and completeness of speech of which Mr. Bright boasts had he spoken a little more—if he could not content himself with a little less—about himself.

INFANTICIDE.

THE subject which certain medical men have brought under the notice of the Home Secretary is as important in its indirect as its direct bearings on our social system. That infanticide, in its strict sense, is as common as certain persons represent it to be, may well be doubted. We suspect that, although too great a number of poor children die through the neglect of their parents or their nurses, a smaller number than is usually computed die by the deliberate act either of nurses or of parents. Still, it is hardly a more important question how to put an end to the murders than how to diminish the accidental mortality. Of the two, the former is the more urgent, because every year that witnesses real infanticide perpetrated with impunity aggravates the obtuseness of the moral sense with which it is regarded by the people at large, and consequently induces further commissions of the crime. But, though second to this, it cannot be deemed a matter of slight moment to arrest a mortality which, albeit it proceeds from no positively criminal act, still involves fearful havoc of life among the infant population, and reacts with terrible effect upon the moral obtuseness of those through whose negligence it occurs.

Of the several causes of both these great evils, we agree with the Deputation in assigning the first place to the system of overcrowding the dwellings of the poor. We believe it is impossible to exaggerate the deadly effects of this system among the very poor. To the worst effects which it produces the Deputation did not even allude. But they are known to magistrates and clergymen, especially in the agricultural districts; and they will continue in their present odious force so long as the cottages of the poor, both in the country and in the worst parts of our large towns, continue to be what they are now. The close contact in which the young of both sexes are constantly brought together, whether they are connected by ties of consanguinity or not, is a normal cause of immorality. The other causes named by the Association are really consequences, or indeed different forms, of the same evil. For instance, the statute-fairs would be comparatively harmless were it not for the general habits of life of which the statute-hiring is only an occasional incident. Were not the daily intercourse between the men and the women lax in its general tone, these occasional gatherings at the statute-fairs would be comparatively innoxious. The same observation applies to the systems of gangs and hop-picking. The manner in which the labourers live out of doors is simply an extension of the manner in which they live at home. Promiscuous herding in their own houses leads to promiscuous intercourse in the fields.

Before the evil can be checked, the system, not only of hiring but of living, must be radically altered.

It is not, however, only in this class of society that immorality leads to that waste of life which so frequently accompanies the birth of illegitimate children. There is less shame and dread of disgrace among women who have been brought up in the poorest cottages, and who supply the demand for female labour in the hop-fields of the South or in the turnip-fields of the North, than there is among women who come from more respectable homes, and who constitute the domestic servants of well-to-do families. It is in the latter class that we chiefly find those whose deeper sense of shame and dread of consequences blunt the acuteness of maternal love, or impede its gratification. Among them there has rarely been any experience of that gross and swinish life which eradicates the sentiment of modesty from the minds of very young girls. They have been often brought up, if not in the purest love of virtue, yet generally in the strictest regard for appearances. In proportion to the character for modesty which they have hitherto enjoyed are the humiliation and the fear which seize them when they are overtaken by the consequences of unchastity. Therefore it is to this class of young women that acts of child-murder are most frequently attributed, and too often, perhaps, attributed with justice. We do not mean to say that in the majority of cases they can be proved to have deliberately murdered their children. In some cases this may be too obvious, but more frequently the children die of starvation, insufficient food or bad food, bad air, and a general neglect, which is the natural result of the mother's poverty and the hired nurse's indifference. When the neglect and its consequences are so notorious, it is hardly possible to acquit the mother of secretly desiring a result which she must generally anticipate.

The remedies proposed by the Deputation are not wholly expedient. Of course the erection of a better style of house for the poorer classes stands prominent. Such is an obvious remedy; yet it is far from easy. The whole question of building proper houses for poor people is of great concern to those who see what great national consequences depend upon maintaining a love of order, decency, and self-respect among the lower classes. But it is almost impossible to enforce by legislation the construction of a better kind of houses in towns. In the rural districts the landlord will often do this spontaneously. In great towns there is a different stamp of landlord, and therefore a different stamp of house. When a happy combination of ingenuity and good luck has demonstrated the possibility of investing profitably in houses which poor people shall regard with pride as their homes, then the builder who invests his savings in running up pig-styes for poor people will imitate an example already illustrated by profitable returns. Till that time, the principal cause of female unchastity in one class of life must remain. At the same time, it would be disingenuous not to admit that there are a very considerable number of the lowest grade of society who are, by their habits and predilections, wholly unfitness for the occupation of better houses than they now possess. To transplant them suddenly to habitations meet for decent folk would be an anachronism and an incongruity. In any habitations, and under any circumstances, they will for the most part remain subject to the same habits that beset them now. Moreover, this remedy is required less for the preservation of infant life than for the preservation of female chastity; and the women of whom we are now speaking, though singularly lax in their morals, do not, as we have above said, contribute so much as others to the category of infanticide.

The next remedy proposed is to make the death of the infant under the mother's hands murder in the second degree. We much doubt whether even this relaxation of the existing code will often induce juries to convict. Still, some punishment must be affixed to the destruction of children, and it is better to impose such a punishment as will not deter juries from doing their duty than one that we see does deter them. The third remedy is to throw the burden of supporting the child from the mother on the putative father. The objection to this is simple, but fatal. The remedy has been tried before—tried fully, persistently, and for a length of time—and it failed egregiously. No scheme more unfortunate could be devised, save that of the dissenting minister who gravely proposed that every unmarried woman who had an intrigue with a man should forthwith be compensated by becoming his wife. It would be as it was under the old Poor Law, a premium not only on unchastity, but on falsehood and false-swearing of the most flagrant shamelessness. A woman would amuse herself with any number of lovers, and then swear her child to the man she least cared for; or she would threaten to swear it to the man whose fears and wealth best enabled him to buy off her inconvenient disclosure. This innovation would be simply going back to the worst provision of a bad law.

Neither do we think much of the forced registration of nurses. Registered or not registered, the hired nurses of poor illegitimate children will be all much alike. They will be poor hungry old women, too weak or too sickly or too idle to do any active work, taking to the nursing of children for the money which it brings, without solicitude or affection for these poor little nurselings; and only not indifferent to their living, because their own living mainly depends upon it.

The truth is, that if the prevention of infanticide is the object contemplated, it must be regarded independently of another object which many persons will mix up with it—namely, the prevention of unchastity. Most of the people who profess to be looking solely at the former are really looking askance at the latter also.

There is a notion of keeping most women chaste by punishing those who are unchaste. And this runs through almost all their projects for the prevention of child-murder. There can be no greater mistake than this. If people are really in earnest about saving the lives of little children, they may depend upon it that they will not advance their object by punishing the mothers. Every scheme which involves the humiliation or need-less exposure of the mother involves also the peril of the child. Even the degree of badgering and cross-examination with which the Committee of the Foundling Hospital think it incumbent upon them to torture every unhappy woman who craves admission for her babe is a mistake in this direction. It often creates a chance of infanticide where no such chance would otherwise exist. The facts that it is desirable to ascertain might be obtained by other means. For our own part, we retain the belief which we have before professed, that it is better, for reasons both of State and of humanity, to incur the risk of giving an apparent encouragement to female unchastity by increasing the provision for the maintenance of illegitimate infants, than to give a real stimulus to child-murder by hampering and obstructing it. After all, the encouragement so given is slight. Ordinarily, a woman neither deviates from virtue because she is assured that the offspring of her guilty love will be well housed and nursed; nor does she cling to virtue because, if she had a child, it would run the risk of starvation and neglect. At the moment of yielding to temptation she has cast off all thought of the future. Provision for the illegitimate infant rescues it from death, while it does not lead her into sin. But it does—or it might do—more than this. It might, if carried out on a wide and liberal scale, not only thin the ranks of our street Arabs, by adopting into the early service of the State those who would otherwise grow up to be its vexation and reproach; it might turn into good sailors, soldiers, and servants those who, unprotected and uncared for, would recruit the ranks of our felony and harlotry. Nor need such asylums as we contemplate necessarily be restricted to illegitimates. Orphans of indigent and blameless parents might by similar means be rescued from the fate which too often awaits the children of the very poor. We have in our cities a great waste of unused, useless, and worse than useless, human force. The plan which we suggest would place some of this, in its initial stages, at the disposal of the State, and would fashion it to useful purposes, while it saved many lives from a piteous loss, and many souls from a goading conscience.

THE MILITIA.

IN every proposed scheme for the reform and reorganization of the army there appears to be one point generally agreed upon. Every one who has written lately on the subject has expressed, more or less clearly, the conviction that it would be neither desirable nor economical to maintain a standing army of the numerical strength requisite in case of actual service. During peace, as is universally acknowledged, a proportion of the soldiers who would be employed in war should alone be retained around the standards, and reserves should be created, from which battalions, when a war becomes imminent, could be raised to war establishments. Some schemes for our military reorganization place the ratio of active to reserve soldiers for each battalion on a higher footing than others, but all agree upon the necessity of an army of reserve.

On the proper mode of forming this army of reserve a wide difference of opinion appears to prevail. The question is complicated by being generally mixed up with many others, such as the levying of recruits for the standing army, the length of service in the regular ranks, the granting of pensions to soldiers who have completed the period of their engagement, and several others. These questions enter vastly into the consideration of the formation of an army of reserve by the enrolment of time-expired soldiers in such a force. These would naturally form a most important nucleus for an army of reserve, and should be encouraged in every way to enrol themselves. Still the men who could be drafted into the ranks of the reserve would, on account of the small numbers of the regular army which are available for active service under the most favourable circumstances, be insufficient to complete the standing army to the numbers requisite for modern warfare. Much more would they fail to supply the troops which, in campaigns conducted on the modern system, are necessary to act as the second line of an army engaged in the field. A reserve formed from the men who have completed their service in the regular army, however short that time of service might be, could not provide troops to guard lines of communication, garrison fortresses, occupy important posts in the rear of the active army, protect a harbour of disembarkation, or cover the base of operations. For these reasons it is necessary to look around for some means of greatly increasing the number of men who would be willing to enrol themselves in the army of reserve.

For the sake of economy in the formation of such a force it would be doubtless considered advisable to utilize as far as possible our existing institutions. At present, by the existing organization of the military resources of the country, we are taught to consider that the troops of reserve for our regular army consist of the Militia, the Volunteers, and the Enrolled Pensioners. To the latter a so-called Army of Reserve has lately been added, but it has confessedly proved such a failure, and consists of such an insignificant number of members that the authorities of

the War Office have been obliged to suspend the enrolment in its ranks of even the few men who might be willing to join it. The Enrolled Pensioners can hardly be expected to fulfil the duties which would be required from reserve soldiers. They are men of whom the youngest has already served twenty-one years in the regular army, and, at a favourable computation, is close upon fifty years of age. To send these veterans into the front line of a campaign, to expose them to the fatigues and hardships of active service, or to require them to sustain the trying vicissitudes of trench duty, would be little short of barbarity. They are eminently fitted, in case of need, to occupy the garrison towns of the United Kingdom and to relieve regular troops, who would thus be able to join the active army. For this they would be amply sufficient, for their legal establishment amounts to thirty thousand men, and could probably be increased by ten thousand more. The Volunteers do not fulfil the necessary conditions of an army of reserve. They cannot be drafted into the regular army; they cannot be sent out of the kingdom. The complications and difficulties which would spring up between officers of the regular forces and officers of Volunteers, if employed together, would be very serious, and would form a source of trouble and annoyance to general officers at a time when everything conducive to want of harmony in the combined action of the whole army should be most carefully smoothed away. Even if, however, in every particular the Volunteers were ready to take the field, it would be almost impossible to call them out for any length of time, except under the most urgent pressure. The indirect expense of embodying the Volunteers for any long period would be enormous to the country, would ruin many businesses, paralyse commerce, and lead to great distress among the mercantile and the working classes. The position of the Volunteers is clearly defined, and is well appreciated by themselves. They must continue as they are, a distinct and special service, only to be called upon at urgent crises of pressing necessity, and would then perform their special duties with the same energy and zeal as they have always shown, both in their professions and in the prosecution of their military exercises.

As a last resource we turn to the Militia. This force does not, according to its existing constitution, present such an organization as would enable it to perform the duties of an army of reserve, but it certainly appears probable that, by some easy modifications, it might be established on such a footing as would place many of its members on the list of reserve soldiers. The Militia does not form an army of reserve for the regular forces, in part for the same reason as the Volunteers, because its battalions cannot be sent abroad except at their own desire, and no certain calculations can be made of the number that may be willing to serve abroad under various circumstances. Officers of Militia are not appointed by the same authority as those of the regular army. They receive their commissions from the Lord-Lieutenant of the county to which the regiment belongs, and, as a rule, owe their appointments to political influence or petty provincial intrigues. It would be manifestly unfair to the officers of the regular army, where every step of promotion is watched with the most jealous solicitude by the service in general and by the press, to place them in a position where they might be obliged to submit to the command of some untrained young gentleman who, from family connexion with the Lord-Lieutenant of a county, or from paternal influence among voters, had received suddenly a high place in a Militia regiment. This would be the case if whole regiments of Militia were to be massed together in their entirety with battalions of the line. Nor could the evil be remedied unless those obsolete dignitaries, the Lords-Lieutenant of counties, were deprived of military control, and the appointment of officers to the Militia placed in the hands of the same authorities, and subjected to the same regulations, as the appointment of officers to the regular army. But the withdrawal of the control of the Militia from Lords-Lieutenant would be a difficult undertaking for any Government which exists on Parliamentary support, as the abolition of the political patronage which it confers would hardly be borne with equanimity by those viceroys of shires, or by their friends and supporters. Voices would be heard in Parliament against any motion which proposed such a step, and the way in which Lord Palmerston was compelled, a few years ago, to succumb to the demands of the ornamental and political but extremely useless Yeomanry, points out what would be its probable fate. The Militia in time of war has always supplied a certain amount of recruits to the regular army, but it has always been at the cost of its own efficiency. Officers commanding Militia regiments have not unnaturally been unwilling to see their best men pass from their own ranks, as soon as trained, into the Line, and, by those indirect means so well understood by officers of both services, have placed obstacles in the way of good men who might be willing to volunteer, while opportunities are invariably offered to troublesome characters to seek in the ranks of the active army a wider field for enterprise, and to transfer their crowded defaulters sheets to the archives of an adjutant of the Line. For these reasons, the Militia, although nominally, has not often been really a nursery of soldiers. On the contrary, the battalions of the regular army have often rather served as *cloacæ* to the regiments of Militia. Some colonels of Militia have allowed their men to volunteer unrestrictedly into the army, but when they have done so, their own regiments have been reduced, for a considerable time at least, to the position of depôts for raw and undrilled youths, hastily collected from the plough or the manufactory, and have been thrown into a condition which rendered them totally unfit for the performance of even garrison duty.

Even if the appointment of the officers of Militia could be taken away from Lords-Lieutenant, and that service could be supplied with officers from the regular service, or officers who had been trained in the regular service, great alterations would have to be made in the organization of the Militia before it could serve as an army of reserve. If men were liable to be drafted from it into the regular battalions which were engaged, or about to be engaged, in active service, nearly the whole of the men mustered in the Militia would require to be removed from it as soon as war was imminent. Then, according to existing arrangements, the Militia and the recruiting parties of the regular army would begin bidding against each other for men all through the country. The Militia would propose the more favourable terms, because a man, by enlisting into the Militia, would receive a first bounty, and, on his transfer to the line, a second. The supply of recruits in the country would not be sufficient to feed the necessities of both services. Recruiting for the army would stagnate; and even if the regular battalions obtained their recruits indirectly through the Militia, the State would pay much more for the services of each man than if he had been enlisted directly into the army.

It is not easy to discover a remedy for all these difficulties, or to solve off-hand the problem of how to obtain from the Militia a large number of soldiers as troops of reserve. Much depends upon the numerical strength which an army of reserve ought to muster. Were it not that Commissions and Committees, following the examples of councils of war which never fight, never seem to arrive at a tangible result, the question might be with advantage referred to a Commission which might take the whole question of the organization of the military resources of the country into consideration. The examples of the Recruiting Commission, and of the interminable Armstrong and Whitworth Committee, show us, however, that, were this plan acted upon, we should probably be held in suspense for many months, if not years, and finally obtain a Report which would recommend a patchwork scheme totally inadequate to accomplish its avowed object. The crotchets of the component members of the Commission would have to be dovetailed together, and any really efficient proposals for reform would in all likelihood be stifled by Ministerial injunctions that nothing should be recommended which should entail upon the Government the necessity of demanding any large increase of the Budget from the House of Commons. As a consequence, any chance of an energetic measure would be sacrificed to the financial economy on which every successive Government attempts to base its claims to the suffrages of the people.

A hasty glance at the strength of our army shows that the total number of infantry battalions which will be stationed at home during the present year will be forty-nine. These, with their proportionate accompaniments of cavalry and artillery, are all the regular forces that would be available for a Continental war, or to resist an invasion of our own land, and would number about thirty-eight thousand sabres and bayonets, with seventy-two guns. This force—not very much greater than that of the late Kingdom of Hanover—would be regarded as a nonentity, whether as an ally or an adversary, by any of the Continental military Powers, even if its numerical strength were alone considered. Of the organization, administration, and capability of this tiny force to take the field, it is not our purpose here to speak. Possibly the less said the better. We can only see that, to raise it to an adequate strength, an increase will be required of a considerable number of battalions, and the formation of a large army of reserve to raise those battalions from their peace to their war establishments, in case they should be required to take the field.

The very smallest force which we could now venture to send into the field with any prospect of success should have its backbone composed of one hundred and twenty thousand infantry, or one hundred battalions of twelve hundred combatants each. The possibility of being called upon to supply such a force would entail an immediate increase of our standing army in England from thirty-eight to one hundred battalions. These hundred battalions would be maintained at some convenient peace establishment, which would probably be reduced annually by Chancellors of the Exchequer proportionately as public attention was distracted from the existing sense of our national insecurity. It may be safely assumed that in a few years each battalion would not contain more than six hundred combatants, so that, if a war broke out, the reserve would be called upon instantly to supply sixty thousand infantry soldiers. This would need an army of reserve of over eighty thousand men—for artillery, cavalry, and engineers would all be required; and a wide margin must be allowed for casualties, and for men who might not be forthcoming when demanded.

How is an army of reserve of this size, or any considerable portion of it, to be obtained from the Militia? Many answers to this question have been proposed, but few seem to have faced and met the difficulties which we have mentioned above. A more feasible plan than any that we have seen would appear to be based on the principle of holding actual Militiamen, and soldiers of the reserve drawn from the Militia, independent, though perhaps not entirely apart. With this object, a certain number of men from each Militia regiment might be allowed to enter the reserve, and receive for so doing such extra bounty or increase of pay as experience might prove would induce them to exchange the certainty of quiet service in the Militia for the chance of active duties abroad in the army. The number of men from each regiment would have

to be determined by the requirements of the army of reserve. In order to prevent commanding officers of Militia regiments from standing in the way of these men in their wish to volunteer into the reserve, every regiment of Militia might be allowed to enlist a recruit who would take the place in the ranks vacated by the volunteer to the reserve. In this way the Militia would not be thinned by the men transferred to the reserve, and commanding officers would be able to maintain their regiments at full strength. The influx of recruits would not be sudden, nor would occur at a time when the Militia itself was likely to be called out for permanent duty, as at present, when a Militia regiment sends volunteers to the line. Militiamen who had joined the reserve could still be attached, for training and exercise, to their former regiments; but it would probably be desirable to attach to each Militia regiment one or two officers from the half-pay list of the regular army, who would specially superintend the men of the reserve. By these means very little expense would be incurred for the superintendence and training, during time of peace, of the reserve force.

Whether it would be prudent to have recourse again to the ballot—which is still legal, but is at present suspended—in order to obtain recruits for the Militia, deserves serious consideration. It could, however, hardly be anything but desirable to call upon regiments of Militia to declare at once whether, in case of war, they would be willing to go abroad, in order to do the duties in the field of troops of the second line; and in future to enlist men into those regiments who might declare themselves willing to do so on this condition. The country is evidently extremely anxious to see our military organization established on some firm and efficient basis. Whatever scheme is brought forward for military reform, it is certain to include the formation of a reserve force; and we cannot refrain from directing the attention of the authorities to the Militia, as a source from which a great portion of such a force could, by proper treatment, be advantageously and economically obtained. But it must be remembered that in dealing with Militiamen, as with every other class, the Government has to compete with employers of labour, and must be prepared to offer fair, if not generous, inducements to obtain its objects.

PARTY JOURNALISM.

IN one of Scribe's comedies, rather a good hit is made by the perplexity of a steady-going citizen who takes up, without knowing it, the wrong newspaper, and finds himself deep in a glowing eulogy of the party which he has always hitherto seen vehemently abused. The shock to his whole political system is naturally great, but its effect is less complex than might have been supposed. He feels no indignation or alarm at the sudden reversal of his accustomed creed. He has not the slightest curiosity to know on what grounds the atrociously new doctrine of the strange journal can be maintained. He is simply puzzled and put out at not finding himself in the familiar, well-worn groove which long use has made so easy for him; just as many an old club-goer cannot settle down comfortably, or feel thoroughly at home, in any but his favourite corner and chair. We have heard of a country parish in which the clergyman, being yearly called on to preach on behalf of two charities, used always to repeat the same sermon, from the same text, and regularly commenced it by informing his congregation that he wanted the "stream of their bounty to flow in two channels." This went on for many years, the congregation readily responding with equal regularity to the well-known appeal, until in an evil hour the orator, being in want of additional funds, rashly raised the number of his "channels" from two to three. His hearers—taken, like Scribe's citizen, by surprise—could not entertain this new and unfamiliar aspect of affairs, and for the first time their subscriptions failed. Three channels might be all very well in the proper place, but they had themselves been accustomed to two.

Is it to this preference of the familiar to the strange, or, if not, to what feeling is it, that party journalism chiefly appeals? We refer to that thoroughgoing out-and-out system of advocacy which can see no bad points in a friend and no good points in a foe. It is of course quite possible to be a staunch supporter of a particular party, without shutting one's own eyes, or trying to blind others, to the faults of those by whom it is led. A journalist may sincerely wish success to the Liberals, and yet decline to recognise in Mr. Gladstone the consummate Parliamentary leader described by Mr. Mill, or to feel enthusiastic at the notion of our foreign policy being in the hands of Earl Russell. It was, for instance, by a Liberal of the most advanced type, and a warm admirer of Mr. Bright, that the fallacy involved in his famous "voçcano" simile—rhetorically so admirable, logically so weak—was most unsparingly pointed out. But the party journalism proper to which we refer allows no trifling or shilly-shallying of this kind. In its eyes a politician must be, according to the line which he takes, either wholly good or wholly bad. Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all. To suppose that he can in one week do or say what is right, and the next week do or say what is wrong, is about as absurd as to suppose that a fountain can send forth sweet water and bitter. Before Mr. Bright has opened his mouth, one journal knows that he is going to make a slanderous, malicious speech, containing not one single suggestion that an honest Englishman would not blush to adopt, and another journal is equally convinced that he will make the ablest—the last speech is somehow always the ablest—of the

many able and noble efforts in the cause of freedom which have won for him the undying love and confidence of a grateful country. And what makes this tremendously tall talk so very comical is that the readers of each journal must know beforehand, quite as well as the writers, what is going to be said. At least no man in his senses can very well expect to find justice done to Mr. Bright by the *Standard*, or to Mr. Disraeli by the *Star*. He would as soon look for a calm, impartial estimate of "the people's William" from the paper which its enemies delight to call "Mr. Gladstone's organ." It was quite impossible, for instance, that the most bigoted Conservative capable of seeing that two and two make four could really blind himself to the fact that, in the recent controversy between Mr. Bright and Mr. Garth, the former got much the best of it. Yet no reader of the *Standard* was in the least surprised to find the reverse of this view vigorously upheld, and to be told with the utmost gravity and assurance that Mr. Garth's was the conduct of a Christian gentleman, whereas Mr. Bright had, as usual, behaved like a ruffian. If the *Standard* had taken any other view, it would have ceased to be the *Standard*. One of the laws of its being is unquestioning, uncompromising abuse of all the unspeakable horrors summed up in the hateful monosyllable "Bright." We need not say that we use the word "hateful" in the strictly politico-Pickwickian sense. It is only Mr. Bright the politician, and all his works, that the *Standard* is bound, as a necessity of its existence, to hate and denounce. For Mr. Bright in his private capacity its contributors may, for aught we know, entertain the most affectionate and enthusiastic respect. But the mildest and most sanguine reader does not for a moment expect them, in dealing with Mr. Bright's political sayings and doings, to show him mercy, justice, or charity. It is scarcely necessary to say that a no less just and well-grounded confidence is felt by its own readers in the *Star*. Everybody knows that, if Mr. Bright were caught to-morrow, with all the garrotting appliances on his person, attempting to strangle Mr. Disraeli, the *Star* would declare that the attempt was made on strictly public grounds, that the strangulation policy of the great Reformer was as free from sordid motives as it was original and bold, that death by Mr. Bright's hand was a far greater honour than Mr. Disraeli deserved, and that the only person who had a right to complain was Mr. Calcraft, for being nearly disappointed of his just dues.

It is difficult for an outsider who is not so lucky as to have a tranquil, fixed faith in any extreme party organ to make out what praise or blame of this kind is worth, or upon whom it can possibly impose. It must have some use, or in this practical age it would not be so steadily persisted in. Last Session "Mr. Gladstone's organ" would not have devoted, every other day or thereabouts, a leading article, written in its tallest and most gushing style, to the discovery of some new beauty in that great and good man's character, if the articles had not pleased somebody; and we cannot help wondering whom they were likely to please. They no doubt pleased the writer, but even if the young leviathans of the *Daily Telegraph* are allowed to take their pastime in the deep waters of Johnson and Lemprière entirely on their own account, it cannot much matter to them whether they throw waves of words over early death, or late marriage, or spring sunshine, or over "the people's William." As regards Mr. Gladstone himself, the praise was laid on far too thickly and too frequently to please a man of his refinement and cultivated taste. It may indeed be true that the coarsest flattery gives a certain pleasure, even to those who clearly see through and distrust it, since it gratifies their love of power by showing that the flatterer, whether he be honest or dishonest, at any rate thinks them worth propitiating. But, in the first place, a statesman at the head of a great party scarcely requires to be assured that his friendship is considered worth securing; and, in the second place, even admitting that it does afford a certain pleasure to find praise lavished indiscriminately upon one's every word and action, it is, on the other hand, rather annoying to reflect that this generosity defeats itself—that flattery which praises everything cannot have the delicate flavour or the practical use of flattery which gives praise only where it is deserved. If, then, the wholesale eulogy of party journalism is not intended to please either the man who writes it or the man who is the object of it, it must, we presume, be intended to please the reader; and on our hypothesis that it attains its object, we are rather at a loss to make out what manner of man the reader must be. Does he, like the politician in Scribe's comedy, prefer one-sided, uncompromising abuse or praise, because it saves him mental disturbance or exertion, because he knows beforehand exactly what view to expect? Or is he really innocent enough to believe in the justice of a critic whose verdict he can, as a matter of course, predict before the case is heard? We wish to make every allowance for that great motive-power in all human affairs, credulity. A statement made boldly and confidently is pretty sure to command a certain amount of assent. Even where the hearer not only knows beforehand what is going to be said, but also has every reason to believe that the person who says it cannot be relied upon, he is often influenced by the mere force of confident assertion. It is the complete mastery of this power of assertion—happily not a very common gift—that enables the model shopman to tyrannize so mercilessly over his fellow-man. The purchaser of course knows perfectly well that the shopman will praise everything in the shop, and that the praise is worth nothing, and yet his purchases constantly depend, more or less, upon the intrepidity and vigour with which the goods are puffd. A shopman of reso-

lute mien and decided character has nine out of ten men at his mercy. And it is on the same principle perhaps that an intrepid party journalist relies when he makes an obviously unfair and untenable defence of friends or attack upon foes. But still it must be remembered that the journalist, as compared with the shopman, labours under this serious disadvantage—that, whereas very few purchasers in a retail shop really understand the value of the goods they are going to buy, almost every man who has education enough to read a leading article is capable of forming an opinion for himself upon some of the cases in which the party writer is compelled, by virtue of his position, to fly boldly in the face of facts. To take, for instance, the Bright-and-Garth controversy to which we have already referred. The *Standard* had of course to prove, as it best could, that Mr. Bright was hopelessly in the wrong, and it is only fair to admit that all that intrepid assertion and unhesitating reliance upon the credulity of its readers could do to accomplish this task was done. But then the task was an impossible one, if we may assume that readers who took the trouble to read the leading article also read the correspondence which it professed to criticize. The majority of them probably read the correspondence first, and had formed their own private opinion of it before they turned to the article, knowing, of course, perfectly well what view they would find there, and believing this view to be unjust. Yet they would probably have felt that they had a right to complain if the *Standard* had taken their own fairer view. They did not buy a Tory journal in order to read admissions in favour of Mr. Bright. Party journalism may no doubt be considered a great, a sublime fact, when one thinks of all that party government under our free and glorious Constitution implies. But there is certainly less of the sublime than of the ridiculous in the notion that reader and writer should have to conspire to keep up such a sham as this—that the writer should be bound *ex officio* to put forward statements which no reader of ordinary intelligence can be expected to believe.

It would be very unjust not to recognise the lofty spirit of self-sacrifice in which the party journalist devotes himself to the good of his country. It cannot be pleasant for a man of education, brought up in ordinary ideas of decency and self-respect, to have to put on paper what he knows to be untrue—to feel that, whether a politician of the opposite party deserves praise or blame for a particular course, it is his business to bestow blame. It is no doubt easy enough for a writer who disapproves of the general policy of this or that statesman to oppose him persistently on general grounds, and lose no chance that may offer itself of lessening his influence in the eyes of the community. This implies no injury to conscience or self-respect. It is a very different thing to be obliged to say of any one statement or action, merely because it emanates from a particular man, that it is wrong when you know it to be right; and a journalist who sacrifices himself in this way for the good of his country deserves far more gratitude from the community than we fear, he gets. It is unfair—not to say mean—to depreciate the sacrifice, and try to argue, as we have seen it argued, that he really does not depart from the code of truth and honour usually recognised among educated gentlemen, that he is in the position of a barrister who takes a brief to defend a case, with little or no regard to its merits. The barrister does not necessarily profess to believe—he even exceeds his duty when he states his belief—in the justice of his case. The journalist, on the other hand, is supposed to be offering an opinion at which, after a careful examination of the facts, he has himself honestly arrived; and it is only fair, therefore, if he has the courage to be deliberately dishonest for the good of the public, that the public should give him full credit for the sacrifice. It may, indeed, be an open question how far so complete a sacrifice of self is necessary—whether the chief advantages of party journalism might not be secured with considerably less damage to independence of thought and self-respect. It would surely very much enhance the influence of the praise and abuse which the party journalist is expected to lavish upon friends and foes respectively, if he were permitted to bestow it with at least some slight approach to discrimination—if he were allowed just enough liberty of thought to let readers see that his verdict had some reference, more or less remote, to the merits of the case, instead of being formed before the case was heard. If foes are not worth considering, some such concession ought really to be made in favour of friends. It is painful to think of all the profit and pleasure that Mr. Gladstone loses by the misguided devotion of the journal which is supposed by some to be his special organ. If his policy were criticized with even a decent pretence of impartiality, if the critic would permit himself to hint ever so gently and so occasionally—say once in fifty leaders—that there are spots even on the sun, it is conceivable that Mr. Gladstone might enjoy the praise, and value the support, bestowed on him. But what man not an idiot can possibly care for eulogy upon which he can count as securely as upon an echo, and which has about as much as an echo's discrimination? If it is incompatible with the theory of party journalism to mix together praise and blame, if each must be dealt out pure and unadulterated, they ought every now and then to be bestowed deliberately upon the wrong men. We mean, of course, "wrong" from the party point of view, and without any reference to fair-play or truth. We have little sympathy with Mr. Bright, and should be very sorry to see his influence in the ascendant. And we are quite sure that, if he gains any ground next Session, he will be more indebted for it to the unreasoning abuse of the *Standard* than to the support of the *Star*.

THE LAST PHASE OF CATHEDRAL REFORM.

A JUDGMENT was given by Sir William Erle shortly before his retirement from the bench which deserves more notice than it seems to have attracted, even from those who might be expected to be interested in the matter. The immediate question at issue may seem a small one and even a local one. It was simply whether the Prebendaries or non-residential Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral had a right to vote in the election of a Proctor in Convocation for the Chapter. Their right so to do was undisputed up to the passing of the Act of the present reign by which the Capitular bodies have been cut down to the state in which we now see them. But it was argued that the right was taken away from them by that Act, and Sir William Erle decided that such was the law. Now we will accept a judgment of Sir William Erle's as being good law, at any rate till it is set aside by a higher tribunal. We only wish to consider the practical effects of that judgment, which would seem to be much wider than the decision of the simple question which came before the Court.

The importance of the judgment consists in the grounds on which it is given. Had the question been decided merely on any construction of the particular statutes of St. Paul's, or on any royal Charter or Act of Parliament specially affecting that church, the effect would have been merely local. It would have touched St. Paul's, and St. Paul's only. In the like sort, the Residentiaries of Wells, in the reign of Elizabeth, procured a royal charter, which is held to have the effect of ousting the Prebendaries from the right claimed at St. Paul's, and from all rights save the very nominal one of a vote in the election of a Bishop. It may be fairly doubted whether Queen Elizabeth had any right to do any such thing, but the effect either way is local; it affects Wells only, and proves nothing as to York or Hereford. But when such a decision turns on the general Cathedral Reform Act, the matter becomes graver, as it would seem that the same line of argument would apply to all the Old-Foundation Chapters. It will be remembered that in them only the two classes of Canons or Prebendaries exist. In them ecclesiastical antiquaries have always held that the names Canon and Prebendary expressed different ways of looking at the same man, but that among the Canons or Prebendaries there were two classes. One class was bound to a certain residence, and in return had, beside the income of their own prebends, a share in the divisible revenues of the church. The other class was bound only to certain turns of preaching or other duty—in some cases, we believe, not even to that—and had only the income of their own prebends, without any share in the divisible revenue. The rights and powers of the two classes, the question on what occasions any member of either class had a vote or had not a vote, was held to be a question of local statute; what was law in one church might not be law in another. Then came the great Act which was to make the Cathedral revenues of Chichester and Exeter pay for the parochial needs of Manchester and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. That Act suppressed certain residentiaryships and seized their revenues; it seized also the revenues of all prebends and dignities. But it was not generally supposed to affect the rights and duties of any class of persons not specially mentioned, or the relations of the two classes of Canons and Prebendaries to one another. It was held for instance that in a Chapter of fifty Canons, of whom eight kept residence and divided the common revenue, the new state of things would be a Chapter of fifty Canons, of whom four kept residence and retained a share in the corporate income, while the income of the four other Residentiaries was paid to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The confiscation of the prebendal estates left the Residentiaries with no income but what they drew from the divisible property, and the non-Residentiaries without any income at all. But it was thought that the rights and powers of all classes were left as they were before, a matter of local statute or law in each church. The clause in the Act that "every member of Chapter shall be called Canon" was held simply to mean that the members of the New-Foundation Chapters, who had hitherto been called Prebendaries, were henceforth to be called Canons. It was not thought to have any reference to the non-residential Prebendaries at all, and it would have been argued that they had an equal right to the title of Canons with the Residentiaries, and that in some cases, as at York, they had retained it in common use. We assume, however, that Sir William Erle's construction of a point of law is right. Only, if so, the framers of the Act have, probably altogether without knowing what they were doing, not only utterly upset the whole historical foundations of the Old Cathedrals, but have moreover done about as retrograde a thing as well could be done.

It clearly follows that, if this clause of the Act ousts the Prebendaries of St. Paul's from their votes in Chapter on those occasions on which they had hitherto retained them, it must also oust all Prebendaries everywhere. That is to say, the finishing stroke is put to the gradual illiberalizing of our Cathedral bodies, to their conversion into the narrowest oligarchies. The process had been going on for centuries; here, by a supposed Act of Reform, it is brought to perfection. Real Cathedral Reformers, men who knew what they were legislating about, would have not only preserved to the non-residential Canons every right which they retained, but would have put them everywhere, as they remained at York, the equals of the Residentiaries in all respects except income. A corporation of twenty, thirty, forty, fifty men, having no common pecuniary interests, has some elements of hope in it; of a corporation of five there is no hope at all. It has oligarchy, and all the

evil consequences of oligarchy, written on the face of it. It must job; it cannot help it. A Chapter of fifty, if it has the vices, will also have the virtues of a popular assembly. A Chapter of five will have the vices of a hole-and-corner meeting, and we never heard that such a meeting had any virtues. You may trust power and patronage to one man, who acts under a sense of individual responsibility; you may trust it to an open body, where a fair and open vote may be taken between two proposals or two candidates; but what good thing can come of an oligarchy of five? Its members act under the smallest amount of responsibility under which men can act. Take the case of patronage. A Bishop or a Prime Minister may job, and Bishops and Prime Ministers sometimes do job. But they can avoid jobbing if they please, and very often they do avoid it. A body of fifty may, by ingenious processes, be taught to job; but jobbing is not really in its nature; its inherent faults are of quite another kind. But in a body of five, a real election is hopeless; it is found convenient not to elect, but for each member to nominate in turn. By such a system each man's responsibility is indeed reduced to the smallest possible amount. He acts for himself, but his act is publicly adopted by his colleagues. A man who is not ashamed so to abuse a trust may by these means even pervert the Chapter patronage to his own private enrichment. The whole body might elect on party or local grounds, but they could hardly do a pure personal job of this sort. So with everything else; a small permanent body, the acts of each member of which are shrouded in darkness, is of all bodies the least accessible either to the workings of conscience or to regard to the opinions of others. Monarchy and democracy, if they have their vices, have also their virtues; to find out the virtues of oligarchy we need a very strong microscope indeed.

The truth is that our legislation on this subject is a memorable instance of men legislating on a subject of which they were utterly ignorant. We may be sure that Sir Robert Peel and Bishop Blomfield legislated with the best possible intentions, but we cannot suppose that they had the faintest notion of the history or objects of the institutions with which they were dealing. The result of their labours therefore was to retain the old abuses and to bring in some new ones. It may be said that the Cathedrals, like other things, have improved since that time. So they undoubtedly have; they have improved because everything has improved; they have been carried along with the general march of improvement, but they have improved, not because of, but in spite of, the Act which was meant to reform them. If the Act itself has done any good, it has been through the clauses which required a longer residence of the Dean, and which have therefore given several Cathedrals a really zealous and efficient personal head. But four Residentiaries, keeping each three months at the Cathedral, and holding parishes as well, are simply hopeless, simply useless. For a man to hold, in the old style, two parishes was a less evil. Both might be effectually looked after, though one was looked after by deputy. But the man who divides himself between a canonry and a parish must neglect his parish and he cannot be an efficient canon. The real use of Residentiaryships is to provide a place for clergymen who do not wish for parochial preferment, but who wish to devote themselves to theological or other study, and to the care of the services and fabric of the Cathedral. As provisions for such men, making the Cathedral their home, canonries are eminently useful; as mere ekings out of the income of a parish priest they are useless, and worse than useless. One man really living at the place and caring for the place would be incomparably more useful than four men coming in turn, and of course not really caring for it. A Residentiary who does not really reside, whose home is somewhere else, is a mockery. If no Residentiary Canon were allowed to hold a living, if the non-Residentiary Canons were restored to their proper influence, the Old-Foundation Cathedrals might still be useful institutions. If this is hopeless, a really active Dean, bearing the whole responsibility of government, but with such a staff of subordinate clergy as is required for the services of the Cathedral, would assuredly be better.

In the teeth of all hopes of reform comes this judgment, telling us that the ancient constitution of the Old Cathedrals is gone, destroyed by the hands of men who probably had no idea of destroying it, and indeed no idea of what it was. But the judgment may after all be a gain, if it leads to some more rational and intelligent legislation on the subject. The existing state of things is too great a sham to last. We believe that renovation is still possible; but if it is refused, destruction cannot fail to come.

THE CASE OF THE AUDIT BOARD.

IT is only on very rare occasions that it is either necessary or useful to call public attention to a piece of legislation which has received the Royal assent, and has not yet come into operation. Ordinarily speaking, the precise interval here indicated is exactly that during which a measure is best protected against criticism. It may usually be assumed that, where a proposition has survived the scrutiny of both Houses of Parliament, the *prima facie* argument at least must be in its favour; and as the effect of the change has not been experienced, no objection can yet be drawn from the working of the new Act. The Exchequer and Audit Departments Bill of last Session seems, however, to occupy an exceptional position in this respect. The obvious arguments against the form which the measure finally assumed were never properly stated during its

passage through the House of Commons, and—perhaps for that reason—the arguments by which it may, we presume, be defended remained equally in the background. Under these circumstances, Mr. Edward Romilly has published an appeal against the impending extinction of the Board of which he was, until lately the Chairman. He points out that the Act in question, though it deals with no less important a matter than the audit of the public accounts of the whole kingdom, and creates a new patent place with a salary of 1,500*l.* a year, “attracted scarcely more attention than any turnpike or railway Bill that ever received the Royal assent;” and he calls upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to remedy the mischiefs which he predicts will result from this carelessness before the 1st of April next, the date at which the Act will take effect. The reasons which Mr. Romilly submits in support of this suggestion seem to us to be eminently worthy of consideration. There is no escape from the fact that the Bill did not undergo that public questioning which its character called for during its progress through Parliament. In the House of Commons it was hardly dealt with at all, while in the House of Lords, though it was opposed by Lord Belper and Lord Northbrook, the attempt to get it referred to a Select Committee was successfully resisted by Lord Granville, on the ground that the audit of public accounts was a function which belonged peculiarly and primarily to the House of Commons. We are far from saying that no answer can be made to Mr. Romilly's arguments, but we do say that no answer was attempted to them last Session; and where the interests involved are, as we shall show, of such singular moment, we cannot but think that the question ought to receive that attention in the coming Session which it deserved, but did not receive, in the last.

The first point upon which Mr. Romilly comments is the union of the office of Comptroller-General of the Exchequer with the office of Auditor-General. Into this part of his subject, however, we do not propose to follow him. It can hardly, indeed, be said that this provision of the Bill escaped the notice of the House of Commons; on the contrary, the clause was objected to, and the merits of the change were discussed, though with no great minuteness. The consolidation of the offices was defended by the late Government on the double ground of simplification of procedure and the proved inefficiency of the double check. The force of this latter argument was virtually admitted by Sir Stafford Northcote, the financial champion of the Opposition, when he warned the Government that “if they were to substitute the principle of audit for the principle of control, they must show that by their regulations they made the principle of audit thoroughly effective.” Mr. Romilly's next criticism refers to the abolition of the old Audit Board, but as his reasoning upon this point will be more conveniently noticed further on, we shall for the present pass over this point also, and assume that the Bill as originally constructed by the Government, and as amended by the Select Committee on Public Accounts, was not open to any serious objection. The substance of the change was as follows:—The Audit Board was abolished, and the functions hitherto discharged by its members were entrusted to two officers, a Comptroller-General and Auditor-General, and an Assistant Comptroller and Auditor. The independence of this latter functionary was to be secured by a patent of appointment, and “in regard to the duty of reporting on the public accounts to the House of Commons, he was to have co-ordinate authority with the Auditor-General.” When it was objected by Mr. Henley that this joint power of reporting might lead to inconvenient delays, Mr. Childers defended the proposition on the plea that the accounts of the nation could hardly be entrusted to fewer auditors than were thought sufficient for auditing the accounts of any private company; and to bring this principle into fuller action, he even gave notice of an amendment, that if, in preparing the reports to Parliament, the Comptroller-General and Auditor-General, and the Assistant Comptroller and Auditor were unable to agree in a joint Report, they should prepare separate Reports. Strange to say, however, in the course of the very same evening, Mr. Childers seems suddenly to have undergone a startling conversion. The preacher by whose apostolic influence the change was wrought was Mr. Edward Craufurd, the member for Ayr boroughs. He proposed that the words, “Assistant Comptroller and Auditor” should simply be omitted from certain clauses of the Bill, the effect of this omission being to substitute, both for the joint Report and for the separate Reports of the Auditor and his Assistant, the single Report of the Auditor alone. Mr. Craufurd's amendment was at once accepted by Mr. Childers, and in that form the Bill was sent up to the Lords. How it was dealt with there we have already seen. With regard to this part of the Act, therefore, Mr. Romilly is perfectly justified in saying that it was passed without due consideration. Mr. Craufurd's amendment went in the very teeth of the original Government proposition, and yet it was acquiesced in without resistance or explanation. What the result of it was, Mr. Romilly's pamphlet enables us to realize with considerable clearness.

The chief business of the Audit Department is “to determine whether allowance shall be granted or refused for sums taken credit for by persons to whom public money has been entrusted for the public service.” In coming to a conclusion upon this point, the auditors have to consider whether the money has actually been paid as alleged, and whether the person paying it has duly observed the rules provided for his guidance. If any doubt arises under either of these heads, it is for the auditors to determine, upon the evidence produced, whether

to allow or to disallow the sum in dispute. If they decide to pass it, their decision is final; and no one outside their own body knows that the correctness of the item has even been questioned. If they decide not to pass it, they make a formal record of their refusal, and then state the grounds on which they have acted, for the information of those "higher authorities with whom the ultimate decision rests." It will be seen therefore that the only guarantee which the country possesses for the proper expenditure of the national income consists of this audit of the public accounts. The monetary transactions of every department come in turn under the notice of the auditors, and when once they have passed this ordeal the accountants who present them have no longer any scrutiny to fear. The whole process is carried on with closed doors; and, so long as the auditors refrain from taking exception to an entry, there exists no record of their proceedings which can in any way compromise those concerned in them. From 1806 to 1866 these responsible duties were entrusted to a Board of Commissioners, and the principle was maintained sufficiently for all practical purposes in the original form of the Act of last Session. Indeed, we suspect, differing on this point from Mr. Romilly, that the stringency of its application was even increased. A Board is sometimes apt to let itself be guided wholly by its chairman, but a second officer of equal or nearly equal dignity, and invested by the direct act of the Legislature with co-ordinate jurisdiction in a particular class of matters, is very unlikely to surrender his personal independence into the hands of his official chief. But in the last stage of its passage through the House of Commons every vestige of this safeguard, so carefully preserved up to this point, suddenly disappears; all the original functions of the Assistant-Auditor are abolished; and the holder of a patent office, removable only on an address from both Houses of Parliament, and enjoying a salary of 1,500*l.* a year, has absolutely nothing left for him to do. He may not express an opinion on the accounts which come before him; he may not present any report on them to Parliament; he is to all intents and purposes an expensive nullity. The whole business of checking the accounts of the several departments, of investigating any questionable expenditure, of seeing that the nation really gets for its money what it intends to get, of making corruption or speculation impossible, is entrusted to one man; and this not by the original design of the Act, but, at the last moment, at the suggestion of a single member of the House of Commons, without discussion, and without justification. This is Mr. Romilly's case. The late Government may, for anything we know, have a perfectly good answer to it. The rumours which are aloft relative to Mr. Craufurd's share in the business may be wholly without foundation, and his amendment may have been simply the first manifestation of a heaven-born genius for finance. If so, there is yet time for clearing up all these doubts in the interval which has still to elapse before the date at which the Act takes effect; and it concerns the honour of the late Government, and the reputation for watchfulness of the present Government, to see that the first three months of the Session do not pass over without the requisite explanation.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

DURING the last few years a change of very great importance has taken place in the relation of painters towards the public. A class of middlemen has arisen who intervene between artists and buyers, and these middlemen have acquired great power and influence in the world of art. As it happens that many pictures exhibited in London, especially pictures exhibited in the winter season, are the property of these dealers, it may be worth while to attempt a deliberate examination of this branch of commerce.

A picture-dealer is usually a tradesman, not only by position, but by nature. He is simply a merchant, whose business it is first to buy what he knows is likely to sell, and then to make the public buy it of him at a profit; the larger the profit he gets, and the more quickly he turns over his money, the more successful he is as a merchant. The mental elements of success do not in his case consist in a delicately critical appreciation of art, or in any romantic passion for it; indeed feelings of this kind would only be likely to divert him from his main purpose, which is to get rid of his acquisitions as fast as possible. The lover of art who buys a picture to keep it and look at it every day of his life, and make a companion of it, must necessarily regard the picture very differently from the dealer whose happiest anticipation with respect to it refers to the wished-for moment when it will finally leave his possession. The difference between them is the difference between a gentleman who buys an estate to live upon and a speculator who invests in land because its value is rising, with the intention of selling it again to the best advantage. We may therefore assume, as a general rule, that the dealer will not buy pictures on æsthetic grounds, but simply with a view to the state of the market. But there is yet a further consideration of even greater importance. The dealer may influence the market, and cause an augmentation in the value of such goods as he has on hand. That he will often be unscrupulous in doing this, we may rest assured. We do not attach the slightest weight or credence to the favourable opinions expressed by dealers as to the merits of their own goods. We believe that every dealer who does not rise considerably above the usual level of commercial morality will tell his customers everything favourable to the artists who work for him which the customers are likely to believe. He will first ascertain the direction of public opinion, and then push it actively in that

direction. It is certain that dealers of low character talk the most amazing nonsense to people whom they take to be fools. Some years ago a gentleman presented himself at a very famous picture-shop in Paris, and begged to be allowed to examine a few landscapes by Lambinet. He was taken for a wealthy English patron, and the comedy that followed beggars all description. He rather enjoyed the joke, and assumed the airs of a rich man ignorant of art, merely to see what the shopmen *would* say and do. He pretended to be tempted by a particular picture with a bridge and a bright sky. The salesman asserted that the mellowing effects of time would turn the Lambinet into a Claude; and as there was a little dark burnt amber under the woodwork of the bridge, he said that when the picture was varnished no one would know it again. In proof of this he resorted to an expedient which seemed habitual with him. He varnished the bridge provisionally with his own saliva, and then threw himself into an attitude of ecstatic admiration, appealing to his customer if it was not wonderful. Of course our friend affected astonishment at the marvellous result, and as he seemed exactly the right fish to catch, many other baits were held out to him, and the saliva process was frequently repeated. When this had lasted about an hour our friend had heard such a quantity of downright nonsense that he was utterly sick of it, but congratulated himself on the acquisition of a little experience. He had at least learned how picture-dealers estimate their public; he had learned that the public is not supposed to know the difference between unvarnished work and work heightened by saliva or copal, and that it is considered gullible enough to believe that a system of colouring may become another system of colouring when the picture has been kept for a few years. Every one must have experienced the annoyance of going to see a dealer's picture which is to be engraved in "the highest style of art," which means a cheap and rapid mixture of mezzotint and etching with machine ruling and a little burin work. In these cases the dealer is accustomed to employ a gentleman whose chief attainment is a smooth and plausible eloquence. He always descants on some remarkable quality which makes the work before him the finest of the kind ever produced. He tells you how many thousand pounds have been paid for it, and for the right to engrave it. He leads you gently towards a table, usually covered with green cloth, on which rest two framed prints—one a finished plate in the "style" to be followed in the present instance, and the other a proof of the already commenced etching from the picture before you. All kinds of schemes are resorted to. We remember a picture of the battle of Trafalgar, where the showman employed was a sailor who had two claims upon our respect; he had served on board the *Victory*, and knew nothing about pictures, so that he held his tongue except when people questioned him, on which he simply pointed out the gun he had served during the fight. The showman is not always so judiciously selected. He usually gets you to the green table, and tries to make you write your name in a book. To attain this end, he will tell you anything that you may like to hear. A visitor once astonished one of these gentlemen by telling him that, if he bothered him any longer, a complaint would be made to his employers; and a complaint was made, on which the dealer excused his subordinate by representing that he was quite the right sort of man to get subscribers in country towns, and that the talk which was so tiresome to the stranger was, on the whole, beneficial to the interests of the firm. The dealer added, however, that a less obtrusive salesman was found to succeed in London.

Assuming that the dealer wishes to sell, and recommends his goods in the manner which experience proves to be most efficacious, we cannot be far wrong in concluding that a kind of art which, however degraded, is popular, will be encouraged by him, and rendered, if possible, more popular still. The advice of the common dealer to young artists is like the counsel of Mephistopheles. It is simply to cultivate the qualities which sell, and to neglect the aims which the public cannot understand; in other words, to be diligently commercial, and abandon art. One of the most lamentable results of this system is a hampering of artistic development by tying down the artist to a repetition of work already done. An artist becomes known for a particular class of subjects; he has already, perhaps, exhausted the feeling of interest which first attracted him to these subjects, but the dealer dares not let him wander into new fields, because such wanderings would not be safe in the commercial sense. We will give an instance of this without mentioning names. A very able artist became known to dealers for his admirable views of Venice; but, although Venice is very beautiful, he discovered, after some years spent in the repetition of canals and gondolas, that change of some sort was desirable. This change he sought in the Pyrenees, and he made many very beautiful drawings there. The dealers still asked for Venice; and, though they admitted the merits of the new subjects from the Pyrenees, they did not buy any, nor give any commissions for pictures from them, for it was not safe to do so. One day a very famous dealer called in our friend's studio. He gave two commissions for large pictures at a liberal price. The order was given in less than ten minutes, and the cheque was punctually sent when the pictures were afterwards delivered; this punctuality in the sending of large cheques being one of the great charms of dealers. But the subjects selected were the "Ducal Palace," and the "Grand Canal," the two most hackneyed subjects in Christendom, which the artist had already painted a hundred times. When the dealer departed, the painter turned to us and said with a sad look, "You

see they keep me to it still, but how weary I am of Venice!" Meanwhile, the rich portfolio from the Pyrenees lay unopened. Now what took place in this instance with regard to Venice is continually repeated in other forms. Every artist has his Venice. The encouragement of the dealer may become a slavery; a man who has to keep a family cannot resist gold when no moral principle is involved. Considerations which are merely artistic go to the winds before the great duty of providing for one's children. Poverty is liberty compared to this. There are artists who are so poor that they can, with a safe conscience, devote themselves to high aims. There are other artists who are so successful in a lower way that they cannot conscientiously sacrifice time to a higher ambition. A poor but noble painter said the other day—"It must be very pleasant to earn fifteen pounds a day, but it has the drawback that one could not spend half an hour in thinking without the reflection that one's thought had cost a sovereign." And when the dealer urges the wisdom of abandoning the higher aims, when his voice is the voice of prudence and all the wise advisers are with him, what hope is there for the artist in any virtue short of perfect heroism? And the heroism, when it exists, is so often wasted because unaccompanied by sufficient genius or not crowned with length of days!

We have said what may be truly said against the influence of dealers, and will now offer some considerations on the other side. Before dealers came into the modern picture-market prices were low. The dealers have done more than any other class to enhance the market value of modern art. They may do this by puffing their own pictures, but the mere fact that many modern works have, through their agency, fetched great prices, has increased the general scale of payment to contemporary artists. They seek, of course, as all merchants do, a profit on their acquisitions, and this profit is in some instances very large, a hundred per cent. or more; but the profit they seek varies with the risk they run. A dealer does not usually profit very much, in a direct way, by his speculations in the works of men who would be sure of customers without him, and when he expects a large profit it is because he is not sure of an immediate return. When an artist of established reputation, as, for instance, Gérôme or Meissonier, sells to a dealer, he does not do so under the pressure of necessity, but because he finds the transaction convenient to himself. When a struggling artist sells to a dealer, he knowingly sacrifices a chance of future advantage to the certainty of immediate payment. The reasons why artists go to dealers are mainly these—It is more satisfactory to sell to a dealer than to a "patron," because the transaction involves no subsequent hesitation or annoyance. Commissions received directly from gentlemen are almost invariably attended by the unpleasant feeling that, although the gentleman has paid for his work, it may not quite suit him when he sees it. Even eminent artists complain that work done on commission direct from collectors leads to frequent misunderstandings. With the dealer these misunderstandings are much less liable to occur, because he looks on the matter simply as one of business. In short, the dealer and the artist understand each other more readily than the artist and his unprofessional customer. On the other hand, the buyer goes to a dealer for a reason of his own. He does not trust himself. He feels his ignorance of art, and hesitates to buy that which has not before been bought. An ordinary buyer is more disposed to give seven hundred pounds for a picture which a dealer has bought for five hundred than to give five hundred directly to the artist. The best recommendation for any picture is to have fetched already a considerable price. If buyers believed in their own judgment, of course the dealer would cease to exist; but there is no probability of this, and the dealer knows that his place is secure.

We have endeavoured to hear both sides of this question, from artists and from dealers, and have been driven to the conclusion that, although dealers may often encourage what is bad by encouraging what is popular, they have become inevitable—an inevitable evil, not without some possibilities of good. So far as general art-culture is concerned, some important results are to be placed to their credit. Modern art was unknown in Manchester before the Agnews saw it to be their interest to foster it. The English public were profoundly ignorant of contemporary Continental art till Mr. Gambart instituted the French Exhibition. Even whilst we write, Mr. Wallis has an incomparably better and more instructive exhibition in Suffolk Street than the Society of British Artists ever gives us in the season. If a dealer brings good art before us, even though confessedly with the object of profit, he cannot be considered an enemy to the noble cause. We spoke in terms of enthusiastic admiration of a fine cattle-picture by Otto Weber, in the Salon of 1866. Well knowing that Weber is not a famous artist, we had a painful feeling that the picture was not likely to be sold, but it found a friend in Mr. Wallis, and is now here in Suffolk Street. Another very sound and admirable artist, M. De Jonghe, who does not, as it seems to us, enjoy a reputation as yet proportionate to his merit, is appreciated by the same dealer, who has bought several of his works. A noble picture by L. Bonnat, of which a larger duplicate was exhibited in the Salon, is hung in Suffolk Street in a place of honour; and yet Bonnat is quite unknown in this country, and it was a daring speculation to buy anything of his. Mr. Wallis asks a thousand pounds for this picture, which he may perhaps not get for some years, and which no doubt leaves a large profit for a large risk; meanwhile, Mr. Wallis has rendered us the service of making the English public aware of the artist's existence, and has helped the painter himself by an extension of his not yet considerable reputation. Even,

though Mr. Wallis belongs to a class which has done its best to make a commerce of art, we are bound to recognise every effort which, however selfish it may be in its immediate aim, has the effect of preparing the way for higher culture than that hitherto generally reached. On this ground we shall speak of Mr. Wallis's exhibition in these articles without further reference to its character as a commercial speculation. If a speculator has the courage to bring together so much good art as we have enjoyed this winter in Suffolk Street, it becomes our duty to speak of him respectfully, and we certainly cannot begrudge him the pecuniary results which are not only his natural and avowed object as a merchant, but so essential to the organization of such an exhibition as this that it would be impossible without them.

One point only remains to be considered. Is it an advantage to artists, or the contrary, that dealers should sell their works at prices needlessly high—at prices, we mean, much more than enough to remunerate the artist, and of which he receives one-half, or two-thirds, or three-quarters, as the case may be? We have often talked over this with painters, and they uniformly tell us that, when they have sold works to a dealer, the higher the price he is able to get for them the greater the advantage to the artist, because it raises the prices which he himself can afterwards obtain in dealing directly with the public; and since the public in a great measure estimates painters by the money they earn, a painter rises in position whenever the dealer is enabled to get a higher figure for his work. And, for a reason already stated, the public is more willing to give an extravagant price to a dealer than to the artist himself; and though this may sound as if the dealer, by putting himself between the two, intercepted a portion of the profit which would flow into the artist's purse, this is only in appearance, because without the dealer the artist would not sell directly to the public for so much as he now accepts from the dealer himself. The fact is, that the art of painting a picture and the art of selling one are two entirely distinct things, and the tendency now is to a separation of the two. If buyers are willing to give hundreds of pounds for the *imprimatur* of a great dealer, they pay, in doing so, the natural penalty of ignorance. If they would really take the trouble to study art, they might save the dealer's profit. At present a picture is like a doubtful commercial bill which requires endorsement; the dealer endorses it, and takes a large percentage for his risk.

REVIEWS.

THE POLITICAL WRITINGS OF RICHARD COBDEN.*

PAMPHLETS seldom deserve republication after the lapse of years; but Mr. Cobden's character and reputation would justify the preservation of his political writings, even if their intrinsic value were inconsiderable. If circumstances had made Mr. Cobden a professional author, he would perhaps have written even better than he spoke. The style of his later essays is remarkably lucid and vigorous, and his first pamphlet, of more than thirty years ago, possesses considerable literary merit. The greater part of the first volume of the present collection consists of the works on England, Ireland, and America, and on Russia, published respectively in 1835 and 1836, before the formation of the Corn-law League, when Mr. Cobden had not yet entered the House of Commons. Retrospective study of fulfilled or unfulfilled prophecy, and of arguments long since adopted or condemned by general opinion, can only be rendered attractive by some slight exercise of imagination, but the early course of current truisms and fallacies has an historical interest of its own. From the beginning to the end of his career, Mr. Cobden was the most consistent of men. Conversions are made from ancient creeds, and not among militant apostles. As Mr. Cobden, to the close of his life, was still an incompletely successful missionary, he never reached the stage of lukewarmness or reaction. In 1863, as in 1835, he was opposed to foreign intervention, to warlike armaments, and to large accumulations of landed property. He always admired America, favoured Russia, and detested Turkey. The crudeness of his occasional paradoxes was afterwards toned down by experience. He would scarcely have asserted, in his maturer years, that four principal manufacturing counties would be more than a match in war for the Empire of Russia; but his identification of national wealth with military strength was throughout characteristic. His faith in the power of money was enhanced by his genuine enthusiasm for commerce, and consequently for the profits which were the result and measure of its success. He also rated highly the manufacturing industry in which he was himself engaged, although he declares, in a curious episode of autobiography, that "far from nourishing any such *esprit de corps*, our predilections" [he still, in 1835, used the awkward plural pronoun] "lean altogether in an opposite direction. We were born and bred up among the pastoral charms of the South of England, and we confess to so much attachment for the pursuit of our forefathers (always provided that it be separated from the rick-burnings and pauperism of modern agriculture) that, had we the casting of the rôle of all the actors on this world's stage, we do not think we should suffer a cotton-mill or a manufactory to have a

* *The Political Writings of Richard Cobden.* 2 vols. London: W. Ridgway. New York: Appleton & Co.

place in it." Manufactured fabrics, however, are indispensable as exports, and the Customs' duties on the corresponding imports provide a large part of the interest on the National Debt. Cotton-mills are therefore necessary evils, and the most famous of Manchester manufacturers was, on the whole, reconciled to the grievance. Mr. Cobden was practically right in directing his attention principally to foreign trade as an index of prosperity. As agriculture in an English climate produces nothing but food and a small part of the materials of clothing, all other wants are represented and satisfied by the exchange of produce with foreign nations. A country which, like Russia or the United States, forms in itself a little world, might prosper if it were enclosed by a literal or metaphorical wall of brass or prohibition. The American Protectionist pulls up his drawbridge after storing himself with sugar, tobacco, cotton, and with a possibility of procuring wine, silk, coffee, and even tea. An isolated Great Britain must starve on grain, roots, vegetables, flesh, beer, and gin; and its inhabitants must dress in costly woollen garments. France itself contains in abundance the antique wealth of wine and oil, in addition to the corn and the few other natural products of England.

With the Corn-laws Mr. Cobden deals only by incidental denunciation as of an acknowledged and intolerable abuse. His purpose in his early writings is rather to deprecate national expenditure than to suggest the means of acquiring increased wealth. In 1835, a strong popular feeling against Russia, created by the recent Polish war, had been further stimulated by the writings of Mr. Urquhart, which had acquired a temporary notoriety. It is difficult, even for those who remember the time, to believe that there were fears of a Russian invasion of England; but then, as now, there was a strong probability of aggression against Turkey. As the probable successors of the Poles in the capacity of victims to Russian ambition, the Turks were regarded with a portion of the sympathy which afterwards found expression in the war of 1854. In opposing popular feeling, Mr. Cobden found it necessary to attack the Poles as well as the Turks, and to become the thoroughgoing advocate of Russian aggrandizement. Yet his generous instincts, aided perhaps by the influence of general opinion, sometimes led him into the unwonted inconsistency of attributing bad motives to the Russian Government, while he vindicated its policy of spoliation. The partition of Poland, and even the meditated conquest of Turkey, were in a certain sense political crimes; but, according to Mr. Cobden, the extension of Russian power uniformly tended to the promotion of trade and of civilization. In one of his pamphlets he explains, with sagacious accuracy, the exceptional liberality of the Turkish tariff as compared with the jealous prohibitions of Russia. The Porte, as he observed, was not sufficiently advanced in economical knowledge to desire the encouragement, either by sound or erroneous methods, of national industry. The Pashas found it less troublesome to extort money from the population than to establish custom-houses at the ports. Russia, on the other hand, appreciated the value of manufactures, although, under a mistaken system, they were maintained at a loss. Next to commercial aptitude in a community, Mr. Cobden esteemed military weakness as the first of negative qualities. He had persuaded himself that the aggressive power of Russia was contemptible, and that it would be still further diminished by the acquisition of Constantinople. There was an element of truth in the doctrine that power is in some cases weakened by expansion, but, in comparative estimates of strength, Mr. Cobden looked far too exclusively to the command of money, and to density of population. "The manufacturing districts alone—even the four counties of England comprising Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire—could at any moment, by means of the wealth drawn, by the skill and industry of its population, from the natural resources of this comparative speck of territory, combat with success the whole Russian Empire." Two thousand years earlier, many a Carthaginian Cobden ridiculed the poverty of Rome, and proved that additional wealth amassed by commerce was better than unprofitable Italian wars. If pamphlets had then been in fashion, they would have dilated during the second Punic war on the wasteful expenditure of Hannibal, and on the expediency of diffusing Roman civilization among the benighted tribes of Cisalpine Gaul. The one-sided dogmatism which added to Mr. Cobden's vigour as an advocate is exemplified by his entire forgetfulness of the eventual claims of some of the Turkish provinces to independence. Moldavia and Wallachia, which he proposed to rescue by Russian arms from Mahometan tyranny, were at that time oppressed, not by Turkey, but by Russia; nor had the residence of Mahometans been at any time tolerated within their boundaries. The forcible absorption into the Russian Empire of an alien population of four millions, followed by the closing of the Danube for an indefinite time to foreign commerce, was not an object to be willingly promoted by English statesmen. Mr. Cobden, however, deserved credit for his independent opposition to a prevailing prejudice, and he must have been gratified by finding that thirty years later the majority of politicians were approximating to his opinions.

His invectives against Poland are more objectionable than his denunciations of Turkish barbarism. With the sacrifices and efforts of an heroic aristocracy Mr. Cobden had not the faintest sympathy. Adopting without criticism the exaggerations of Russian partisans, he considered the Polish gentry as tyrants who, after some centuries of usurpation, had been rightfully dispossessed by a race nearer akin than themselves to the oppressed cultivators of the soil. Although serfdom still existed in Russia, Mr. Cobden

fancied that the same institution in Poland converted conquerors into liberating benefactors. The vanity of the Poles themselves has furnished their enemies with a pretext for misrepresenting their character, and their claim to be regarded as a nation. Many of the poorest inhabitants of the towns and villages, by claiming noble descent, forfeited the sympathy which they might have received from Mr. Cobden in their real character of carpenters and blacksmiths. The Polish scythemen, who often met the Russian troops with unequal weapons, were assuredly not privileged aristocrats. The citizens of Warsaw, down to the humblest classes, have at all times been the victims of Russian tyranny, as the most genuine depositaries of Polish patriotism. In all the wars and revolutions which have taken place since the first Partition, the nation has fought and suffered with a unanimity which foreign theorists have idly attempted to prove impossible. It is true that the Russian Government, like the legendary Tarquin, has always cut off the heads of the nation, and bribed the peasantry by the produce of confiscation. As Mr. Cobden records, with admiring sympathy, a batch of five thousand exiles to Siberia was composed entirely of gentry. His inference that the people were benefited by the conquest was not conclusive. The blindness of Mr. Cobden's preference for Russia is illustrated by his adoption of the apology that large portions of Polish territory had in the early middle ages belonged to Muscovite princes. If such an argument had been urged for an English re-conquest of Gascony or Normandy, Mr. Cobden would have condemned with salutary indignation so irrelevant and hypocritical a pretext.

The chief object of Mr. Cobden's first pamphlet was to show that danger impended over England, not from Russia, but from America. It was successful competition in trade, and not the territorial aggrandizement of a rival, which would really threaten the fabric of English greatness. That hostility could ever arise between England and the United States seemed to Mr. Cobden, in 1835, the absurdest of speculations. The two countries were bound inextricably together by commercial relations, and America was exempt from the suspicion of entertaining an ambitious policy. Writing before the Mexican war, Mr. Cobden boasted that the United States had never acquired, or wished to acquire, an acre of land by conquest; their national debt was fully discharged; and they had just passed a comparatively liberal tariff. To compete with so formidable a rival it was necessary that England should reduce her expenditure by dispensing with a standing army and with the greater part of her navy, and by renouncing all share in European politics. The Estimates of 1835 served Mr. Cobden for the rest of his life as a standard of regretful comparison, but at the time he thought them extravagant and ruinous. In the course of his argument he foretold the discontinuance of international wars and the general reduction of armaments. As usual, he was partly right and partly wrong in his judgment. His policy of non-intervention has been practically adopted by the English nation; but the Army and Navy Estimates have increased by eighty per cent., and the country regards with anxiety the insufficient numbers of the army. The Continental Powers, having hitherto maintained nearly two millions of soldiers, are for the most part occupied in contrivances for organizing another million of men as a reserve. The balance of power which Mr. Cobden abhorred has ceased to exist, and consequently every minor State is in imminent danger of destruction. It is true that recent events in Germany and Italy have supplied the conditions of a more permanent equilibrium at some future time. The notion of disarming, for the purpose of competing with America in trade, has not become more popular after two-and-thirty years.

Mr. Cobden early appreciated the importance of railways, but he could not have foreseen that, in conjunction with the increased supply of gold and the adoption of Free Trade, they would revive, and carry to an unprecedented height, the prosperity of England. It seemed still more improbable that America would both amass a debt almost as large as that of England, and bear it with but little inconvenience. The gift of prophecy is precarious, because it is the art of reasoning from unknown premises; yet Mr. Cobden was well advised in urging his countrymen to relieve themselves of artificial weight in their commercial race with America. They have since not only lightened themselves of protective duties and of taxes on the materials of industry, but they have seen their rivals voluntarily take up their own cast-off burdens. The great increase of wealth has proportionately diminished the relative burden of the debt, and, notwithstanding the advance of wages, England can in almost all articles compare advantageously with America in cheapness of production.

The economical condition of Ireland itself is improved, although political disaffection seems only to be aggravated by lapse of time. Mr. Cobden, writing in 1835, attributed the wretchedness of Ireland to the prevalence of Catholicism, and to the excessive subdivision of land. The religious difficulty was evidently insuperable, and the only measures which he recommended were the abolition of the Church Establishment, and the construction of railways at the expense of Government. The Establishment, with the vitality of existing institutions, still survives, if it cannot be said to flourish. The construction of railways has taken place by means of private capital, without producing any permanent effect on the condition of the people. Emigration has provided an unforeseen solution of the problem of over-population, and Lord Dufferin's statistics prove the vast benefits which have resulted from the altered proportion of the numbers of inhabitants to the soil. It is remarkable that Mr. Cobden says nothing of fixity of tenure, or of tenant-right, as those remedies had not yet come into fashion.

If he could have provided the means of wholesale emigration, he would not have failed to understand the expediency of reducing an excessive population. The interest of the Roman Catholic clergy unfortunately lies in an opposite direction; and until a statesman arises who has courage to endow the priesthood, tenant-right, with the subdivision of land which would ensue, will be the popular remedy for Irish grievances. Mr. Aubrey De Vere may serve as a commentator on Lord Dufferin, but it seems to be the destiny of Ireland to be untouched by remedial legislation. Mr. Cobden's arguments are in some degree applicable at the present day, but the experience of an entire generation ought to have thrown some new light on Irish questions. Mr. Cobden's later political writings are more finished than his earlier compositions, and they are entitled to consideration as proceeding from a mature and successful politician.

(To be continued.)

NEW AMERICA.*

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON has wisely directed most of his attention, during his recent visit to the United States, to the religious and moral eccentricities which characterize that country beyond any other that we know of; and the results of his researches into this little-known field are embodied in the very entertaining volumes which he has just given to the public. He touches, indeed, upon many other features of American society, besides giving a detailed account of his journey across the Continent to Salt Lake City; but it is in his sketches of Shakers, Mormons, Bible Communists, and other kindred associations that the reader will probably find most to interest him. Certainly, abnormal theological developments never found an historian of more impartial sympathies than Mr. Dixon. He gives the creed of each from the point of view, and usually from the very mouth, of its acknowledged spiritual leader. He invariably writes as an observer rather than as a critic, and very often it is only by an unexpected turn of the sentence that you can discover that he does not assent to quite everything that he hears. To trace even a part of the conclusions which follow from Mr. Dixon's data would almost require a supplementary volume, and therefore we can do little more than describe what *New America* contains, and just sketch one or two of the common principles which seem to underlie these seemingly contradictory manifestations of the religious life of the United States.

The first point to be noticed is, that all the new sects with which America swarms profess to alter in some way the existing relations between the sexes. Mr. Dixon attributes this to that great excess of males over females in the New World which "makes the hand of every young girl a positive prize," and thereby "affects the female mind with a variety of plagues." At all events, from whatever cause it may spring, the fact is certain that the first object of each successive religious reformer is to attack the commonplace theory of marriage. The Shakers do this by imposing celibacy as an invariable rule of life for every member of their body. Their foundress "Mother Ann" preached that, as by indulgence man fell from heaven, it was only by abstinence he could hope to regain it. "No form of earthly love could be tolerated in the Redeemer's kingdom." And consequently, when she passed away from the world, not by ordinary death, but by a kind of transfiguration which made her form "invisible through excess of light," her followers continued to proclaim that the resurrection is past already, and that the saints are even now like the angels, and must neither marry nor be given in marriage. It is a strange doctrine to take root in a new society which has room for an almost countless population; but it has attracted some 6,000 or 7,000 disciples, and is said to win fresh converts at every recurring revival. It is hard to say whether polygamy or pantagamy is the natural contrary of celibacy, but at any rate both have their representatives in the United States. The latter is the reformation promulgated by John Humphrey Noyes and his band of Bible Communists. The Perfectionists, as they also call themselves, began with a very simple rule of life. The "Bible Christian" has a right to do as he pleases. All laws, human and divine alike, were abolished at the Second Advent, which took place in the year 70, immediately after the fall of Jerusalem; and since that time every act which a Christian wills to perform becomes, by his willing it, holy. So long as Brother Noyes was the only Perfectionist, this doctrine might be carried out with little inconvenience; but when he gathered others round him it soon became apparent that the right of one brother to do what he liked would often be equivalent to the right of doing what another brother might very much dislike. After a time, therefore, a second principle called Sympathy was introduced, the drift of which is that each Perfectionist must do, not what he likes, but what the community says he ought to like; and if he wishes resist this corporate guidance, it is a sign that he is falling from grace. But in practice the cardinal point of their system is the rejection of exclusive attachment between persons of different sexes. Wherever such idolatry may exist they regard it as unhealthy and pernicious. "Men and women," according to Brother Noyes, "find universally that their susceptibility to love is not burnt out by one honeymoon or satisfied by one lover." Consequently, among the 300 members who constitute the family at Oneida

Creek every man is the husband of every woman, and every woman the wife of every man, so that the addition of each new brother or sister to the fold is the occasion of a fresh honeymoon for all the brothers or sisters already included in it. The sect has not increased rapidly, but this seems rather owing to the difficulty of new members finding admittance, and we rather agree with the estimate of its ultimate chances of success which a criticizing Shaker elder made to Mr. Dixon:—"You may expect to see the Bible Families increase very fast; they meet the desires of a great many men and women in this country. The Bible Communists give a pious charter to free love, and the sentiment of free love is rooted in the heart of New York."

Polygamy, the aberration from the existing matrimonial order which next presents itself, is the keystone of the Mormon system as shaped by Brigham Young. It has not become so, however, without having had to encounter a strenuous resistance pushed in many cases to the length of open schism. If it could be established that Joseph Smith was a polygamist, there would be no longer any room for questioning the divine authority of the doctrine, but just at this point the evidence as to the departed saint's practice becomes uncertain. According to Young and his followers, Smith for some months before his death had a household of many wives, three or four of whom are still living in Salt Lake City, and when Mr. Dixon pointed out to the prophet that "if Joseph were sealed to many women there must be witnesses of the fact," "I," said Young, vehemently, "am the witness. I myself sealed dozens of women to Joseph." On the other hand, the practice is condemned in Smith's early writings, the document in which the "revelation" is contained was published after his death, without ever being mentioned by him during his life, and the alleged change in his views is stoutly denied by Emma, his wife and secretary, and by his four sons. The latter have even become the leaders of a rival Mormon Church, which has already attracted large bodies of deserters in various parts of the United States. But if polygamy has been a source of disunion, it is also a source of strength. "Name the motive as you please, the fact will remain that a license for making love to many women has acted in the past, and is acting in the present, as a powerful and seductive bribe." A religion which makes the indulgence of impure passions almost a duty has great charms for a class of somewhat timid sinners, who would like, if possible, to make the best of both worlds; and the value of the doctrine is probably brought home with especial force to men whose wives are no longer young, or were never beautiful. Nor does the strength come only in the way of accessions from without. Whatever be the influence of polygamy on the growth of population in the long run, and on a large scale, it certainly tends to a very rapid increase in the numbers of a small community adopting it for the first time. Brigham Young has forty-eight children now alive. Twenty is a common number, and Mr. Dixon met with one man only thirty-three years old who could not make "an exact return of his descendants until he had consulted a book then lying on his desk." Given the adoption of polygamy by the Mormon leaders, it is easy to see good reason for pressing the practice of it upon their followers. It is the one point upon which they are likely to come into collision with the authorities of the United States, and every man who is possessed of a plurality of wives is bound to support Young's policy by the strongest possible ties. The high places in the sect therefore are only open to polygamists. "To have any weight here," said an elder to Mr. Dixon, "you must be known as the husband of three women." Still, the prophet has prudently imposed two restrictions on a too ardent pursuit of polygamous perfection. Each saint has the right inherent in himself of marrying one wife; but if he wishes to go beyond this commonplace limit, he can only do so by the permission of Brigham Young. It is a privilege which all are enjoined to desire, but the attainment of it is always a matter of special revelation vouchsafed only to Young. "Such an authority has made him the master of every house in Utah. No Pope, no Caliph ever exercised this power of gratifying every heart that lusted after beauty." And, then, secondly, the permission is only given as the reward of industry. Practically, no man can take a second wife until he is able to maintain both her and her prospective offspring in proper comfort. Temporal prosperity has always been a note of the Salt Lake community, and to the maintenance of this Young prudently devotes his utmost energies. The chief duty of a Mormon bishop is to see that no man in his district is in want of any of the necessities of life. To any demand on this score the whole property of every prosperous Mormon is always amenable, and, with a poor-rate calculated on this extensive scale, it is the obvious interest of the whole community that no improvident saint shall have the power of indulging in an indefinite increase of his household.

It does not seem that polygamy has, generally speaking, any attraction for women. The number of female recruits which Utah is constantly receiving must be explained in some other way. The Mormon leaders, indeed, are anxious to keep this fact in the background, and they even assert that "the first wife takes upon herself to search out and court the prettiest girls" for her husband, and is "only too proud and happy when she can bring a new Hagar or a new Bilhah to his arms." No amount of male evidence, however uncontradicted, would convince us of this singular fact; but, as it happens, the evidence on the point is not uncontradicted. Mr. Dixon never

* *New America*. By William Hepworth Dixon. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1867.

found one wife who would admit it even in the presence of her husband. "Court a new wife for him!" said one lady, "no woman could do that; and no woman would submit to be courted by a woman." Of the unmarried girls Mr. Dixon made the acquaintance of eight or nine, "all undoubted Mormons, and all hostile to polygamy." They might, in most cases, have been married again and again, but the older men have many wives already, and the younger men will not promise not to take many hereafter, and so they prefer to remain single. "I believe it's right," said one of them, "and I think it's good for those who like it; but it's not good for me, and I won't have it." Indeed, the ideal of woman, as preached in Utah, is radically different from that which prevails in all other parts of the States. Instead of occupying a position of greater independence than that which is allotted to her in the Old World, she becomes "little more than a domestic drudge." They wait at table, they address their fathers as "Sir," they do not always sit at meals with their husbands, they take no part in his conversation with his guests. If you visit at their house, "they come in for a moment, curtsy, and shake hands; then drop out again, as though they felt themselves in company rather out of place." Their only claim to superiority consists in their greater chance of being saved hereafter; but even this, according to Brigham Young's explanation, is only because "they have not sense enough to go far wrong." And yet up to this time Mormonism has attracted as many converts from among women as from among men.

Taking this fact into account, and bearing in mind at the same time how small a proportion of the Mormon community have really any prospect of becoming polygamists, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the foundation of their creed is a genuine and ignorant fanaticism. In the literal sense of the words, they are emphatically Bible Christians. They take to themselves all the promises made to the Jews, they claim the same privileges, and they display much of the same untiring energy and the same dogged determination. The sufferings undergone by the original emigrants in their journey to the Salt Lake might well have disheartened them, even if there had been an earthly Paradise in store for them at the end of their wanderings. But they knew before they started "that the land had never been seized, because it had not been considered worth taking from the Indian tribes"; and, if they have turned the wilderness into a garden, it has been by means of such vigorous and consistent labour as has never yet been given to a soil originally so unpromising. No other religious community has ever given sheer hard manual work so high a place in its list of moral and theological virtues. "The first duty of a saint," said Brigham Young to Mr. Dixon, "is to learn how to grow a vegetable; after that he must learn how to rear pigs and fowls, to irrigate his land, and to build up his house. The rest will come in time." Thus Mormonism appeals exclusively to the poor. It is a religion of labouring men, imposing nothing which they have not the power to comply with, and offering them nothing but what they can readily appreciate. Its missionaries are to be found all over the world, poor men mixing with poor men, not telling their hearers only of a distant heaven, but promising "the starving bread, the houseless roofs, the naked clothes."

This industrial activity, however, is not confined to Mormonism; it characterizes the other sects equally. The Shakers of Mount Lebanon are the best farmers in the State of New York, and almost the whole trade in seeds and plants is in their hands. Nowhere "save in England do you see such a sward. The trees are greener, the roses pinker, the cottages neater than on any other slope." It is the same at Oneida Creek. "The whole aspect of the wild forest land has been beautified into the likeness of a rich domain in Kent." The Perfectionists supply all Western and Northern America with the "Oneida trap," and in a single year the family made a clear profit of 80,000 dollars by the sale of them. Probably no religion would flourish in the United States whose members showed themselves slothful in business; but certainly, whether the leaders of these strange communities are impostors or fanatics, hypocrites or enthusiasts, they know how to work themselves, and they know how to make their converts work. It is very noticeable too—and this is the last observation which our space will allow us to make—how all these religious phenomena may be traced back to an unsatisfied longing for a present and personal guidance. Everywhere they appeal to the class to which past history has little meaning, and to which, instead of a book or a system, they offer a living prophet. The Mormons are held together by their faith in Brigham Young; the Perfectionists are grouped round Brother Noyes; even the Shakers, though their first allegiance is due to an invisible Mother Ann, have yet her representatives in the body in the persons of Elder Daniel and Eldress Betsey. This is the element which constitutes in all cases their present strength, as well as their future weakness; and it is to the better guidance of this passion that those who aim at bringing them back to a more sober life must address themselves as the first necessity. We have but dipped into Mr. Dixon's volumes after all, and we recommend every one who feels any interest in human nature to read them for himself. The theological singularities of which he treats are far too numerous to be adequately dealt with in the compass of a newspaper article.

GIBBON'S MEMOIRS.*

ENGLISH literature is by no means rich in Memoirs, but it does contain a few of great merit, and Gibbon's account of his own life and writings stands very near the head of the list. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any writer of the same kind of eminence has given so complete a picture of himself and of his works. In the first place, the list of writers at all in the same line with Gibbon is by no means long; and, in the next place, of that small number a still smaller minority have taken themselves to autobiography. Hume gave a short account of himself, which has considerable resemblance in many particulars to Gibbon's Memoirs. Clarendon's Life may also be fairly compared to them; but Hume's autobiography is much shorter than Gibbon's, and Clarendon's Life is rather a history of his own times than an account of himself and his pursuits. On the whole, it would certainly be difficult to find an exact, or nearly exact, counterpart in English to Gibbon's Memoirs. The book is exquisitely characteristic. The opening sentences are in themselves a miniature of all that follows:—

In the fifty-second year of my age, after the completion of an arduous and successful work, I now propose to employ some moments of my leisure in reviewing the simple transactions of a private and solitary life. Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative. The style shall be simple and familiar; but style is the image of character, and the habits of correct writing may produce without labour or design the appearance of art and study. My own amusement is my motive, and will be my reward; and if these sheets are communicated to some discreet and indulgent friends, they will be secreted from the public eye till the author shall be removed beyond the reach of criticism or ridicule.

The man who could solemnly sit down to amuse himself after this fashion must have been no common person. Something more than the "habit of correct writing" was necessary to the production of this strange seesaw. "Truth, naked, unblushing truth" is introduced with a cross between irony and pomposity which is admirably characteristic of the half-conscious grimace which Gibbon never laid aside. There is prefixed to the quarto edition (1866) of his Miscellaneous Works a portrait taken from a figure of him cut out from black paper with a pair of scissors, in his absence, by a Mrs. Brown, which looks as if it was in the very act of uttering some such sentiment. It is the figure of a very short, fat man, as upright as if he had swallowed a poker, and surmounted by a face a little like the late Mr. Buckle's. He wears a pigtail, and holds a snuffbox, which balance each other in such a manner as to give the squat figure with its big head and its little bits of legs a strange look of formality struggling with a desire to shine.

Gibbon was born at Putney on the 27th of April (O. S.), 1737. As he justly observes, "My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant"; but, in fact, his father was a man of old family and some property. His grandfather, Edward Gibbon, was one of the directors of the South Sea Company, and was punished by Act of Parliament for the part which he had taken in that scheme by a fine of nearly 100,000*l.*, which absorbed more than nine-tenths of his whole property. Such, however, was his industry and good luck that between the ages of fifty-six, when he was fined, and of seventy, when he died, he made a second fortune nearly as large as the first. After being sent to various schools, Westminster amongst the rest, for nearly two years, Gibbon was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1752, in his fifteenth year. It was whilst there that he became a Roman Catholic (June 8, 1753), and in consequence of this change of religion he was removed from the University by his father, and settled by the 30th of June at Lausanne, under the care of a Protestant clergyman, M. Pavillard. M. Pavillard and his own reflections combined reconverted him by the end of 1754. There he remained studying in real earnest till April, 1758. He made one tour during this period, to which our modern habits give a certain interest. More than thirty years afterwards he carefully recorded a route which a tourist of our days would no more think of recollecting than of commemorating all his morning walks. It lasted a month, and led him from Lausanne to Iverdun, Neuchâtel, Bienne, Soleure, Basle, Baden, Zurich, Lucerne, Berne, and so back to Lausanne. It is odd to find him remarking, in 1789, "The fashion of climbing the mountains and reviewing the glaciers had not yet been introduced by foreign travellers." In April, 1758, he returned to London; and in May, 1760, he went into the Hampshire Militia, writing his first performance, an *Essay on the Study of Literature*, in 1759. It was published in 1761. From May, 1760, to December, 1762, the Hampshire Militia were embodied, and Gibbon led the life of an officer in a marching regiment. He was captain of the grenadier company, and of all grenadiers past or present he must surely have been one of the strangest. After the militia were disbanded, he travelled to Paris (January—May, 1763), and after passing nearly a year (May, 1763—April, 1764) at Lausanne, he went on to Florence, Rome, and Naples. It is in his notice of this visit that the well-known passage occurs about the first conception of the *Decline and Fall*, and for once the language suits very well with the thought. "It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." He returned to his father's house on the 25th of June, 1765, and passed the next five years in forming various literary plans, which

* *Memoirs of My Life and Writings*. By Edward Gibbon.

came to little. He proposed, for one thing, to write a history of the foundation of the Swiss Republic, and it is a singular illustration of the change which has taken place in European literature, that he not only knew no German at all, but did not think it worth learning, and trusted to getting translations of his materials made for him by a Swiss friend. He made an attack upon Warburton's famous paradox as to the nature of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, and he also set up, in association with a M. Deyverdun, a literary review, published in French. In November, 1770, his father died; and in December, 1772, Gibbon had settled his affairs and established himself in comfortable independence in London, at the age of thirty-five. As soon as he was well established he set to work to write the *Decline and Fall*, and published the first volume, which included the famous chapters on Christianity, in 1776. During this time he was a silent member for Liskeard, by the favour of Lord Eliot. He was no speaker, and was besides afraid of his own reputation, or, to use his own singular dialect, "Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice." The publication of the first instalment of the History was followed by a hot controversy, in which Gibbon was moved to reply for once, but only for once, to his antagonists. It was at this time, too, that he published his famous "Mémoire justificatif" against the proceedings of the French Government in the matter of the American war. After holding office for a short time as a member of the Board of Trade, he ceased to sit in Parliament, and removed to Lausanne in 1783, to finish his History at his leisure. He finished it on the 27th of June, 1787. Perhaps the best passage in his Memoirs is the well-known one in which this is described:—

It was on the day or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a berceau or covered walk of acacias which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not describe the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame; but my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

Gibbon returned to England in the spring of 1793, and died in London on the 16th of January, 1794, at the age of fifty-seven.

Such is the outline of his life. Quiet as it was, it contains incidents which have some general interest, and which throw a light on several of the great topics of the time in which he lived. The first question which the life suggests is what manner of man was Gibbon himself, for there can be no doubt that, whatever else he may have been, he was the author of one of the very greatest books in the English language. He does not appear to have impressed his contemporaries by mother wit and general force of character. One of them said of him, that he might have been cut out of an odd corner of Burke's mind without being missed, yet nothing can be more certain than that his History is a work of infinitely greater and more lasting importance than all that Burke ever wrote. It is easy to understand this estimate as we read his Memoirs. They convey almost any impression rather than that their author was a great man as well as a great writer, and indeed they supply clear evidence that the two characters may be entirely distinct. Probably no one ever enjoyed his life more thoroughly than Gibbon. It is hardly possible to imagine any existence more exquisitely pleasant in every particular. He had ease, good health till the latter part of his life, whatever he chose to take in the way of society, and that blessing of all blessings—a strong taste for a noble art, with the means and opportunity of systematically gratifying it. He was a born student, and from the time when he first went to Lausanne to the day of his death he studied uninterruptedly and insatiably, yet he never appears to have thrown away his labour. He always read for a purpose, and seems on all occasions to have taken the direct road to the object of his study, whatever that might be. No man made greater use of the labours of others, or was less disposed to neglect any short cut to knowledge, in the shape of abridgments, reviews, or translations, which came in his way. Still, however enviable and luxurious his life may have been, and however great were the results which he produced, his Memoirs give the impression that after all he was not a great man. His book was greater than the mind which produced it. One of his favourite remarks is that the style ought to be the image of the mind; and if, as was no doubt the case, this was true of himself, his mind must have been, to say the least, not a beautiful one. The passage quoted above as to the completion of his book shows more human feeling than any other in his Memoirs. Here and there, where he thinks he ought to be affected, his pathos comes in with a stiffness which has a singularly grotesque effect. Take, for instance, his account of the death of his father. After describing his various foibles in a manner which shows that he must have been a light, weak, foolish man, Gibbon feels that he has been a little hard, and tries to make amends:—

His graceful person, polite address, gentle manners, and unaffected cheerfulness recommended him to the favour of every company; and in the change of times and opinions his liberal spirit had long since delivered him from the zeal and prejudices of a Tory education. I submitted to the order of nature; and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that I had discharged all the duties of filial piety.

Gibbon submitting to the order of nature must have been a

touching spectacle. His account of his first and last love is equally characteristic:—

I hesitate from the apprehension of ridicule when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. . . . I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness which is inspired by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment.

The lady was afterwards Madame Necker, and though Gibbon "might presume to hope that" he "had made some impression on a virtuous heart," his father would not hear of it. "After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son." The application of such a style to such a subject paints the man almost as well as the black paper figure snipped out by Mrs. Brown's scissors, and exactly corresponds with the notion of him which his History suggests. It contains any quantity of information, it shows a marvellous power of arrangement, it abounds in successful turns of speech; but after reading it several times, and with a constantly increasing appreciation of the extraordinary merits of the performance, it is impossible not to feel that we have been reading an excellent account of some of the greatest events in human history by a man whose whole conception of history was commonplace and second-rate.

There are several incidental events in Gibbon's life which have a good deal of general interest. His account of the utterly contemptible state of education—if indeed it could be said, by the widest stretch of courtesy, to deserve any such name—which prevailed in his time at Oxford, is too well known to justify more than a passing allusion; but the glimpse which he gives of Protestant Switzerland forms an interesting contrast to his description of Oxford. The literary activity of the French and Swiss Protestants all through the early part, and up to the middle, of the eighteenth century, is a chapter in literary history which has now fallen a great deal out of date, but which has much interest. It is obvious, from Gibbon's account of his own studies, that he was trained to think and read according to the methods then in use in Switzerland, and they certainly show a comprehensiveness and solidity of design very unlike anything which was at that day, or indeed is in these days, to be had in England. Apart from this, his Memoirs draw clearly enough, though without any premeditated design of doing so, a picture of the progress of his own mind which is of the highest interest. It is as well worth attention in its way as any of the accounts of their religious opinions which are so freely given to us in the present day by almost every person who rises to much eminence in controversial literature. Gibbon was the least sentimental of human beings, yet his mental history is as distinctly the history of his religious opinions as Dr. Newman's *Apologia* is of his. The *Decline and Fall* is throughout an oblique attack on theology in general, and the Memoirs sufficiently show that this was the subject which from the very first had most deeply engaged Gibbon's attention. "From my childhood," he says, "I had been fond of religious disputation; my poor aunt (Miss Porter, who brought him up), has been often puzzled by the mysteries which she strove to believe." Another aunt (his father's sister) had been under the spiritual direction of Law the mystic, and Gibbon was thus born to controversy. At Oxford "the blind activity of idleness" impelled him to read Middleton's *Free Inquiry*. Yet he could not bring himself to follow Middleton in his attack on the early Fathers, or to give up the notion that miracles were worked in the early Church for at least four or five centuries. "But I was unable to resist the weight of historical evidence that within the same period most of the leading doctrines of Popery were already introduced in theory and practice; nor was the conclusion absurd that miracles are the test of truth, and that the Church must be orthodox and pure which was so often approved by the visible interposition of the Deity." From the miracles affirmed by Basil, Chrysostom, Augustine, and Jerome, he inferred that celibacy was superior to marriage, that saints were to be invoked, prayers for the dead said, and the real presence believed in; and whilst in this frame of mind he fell in with Bossuet's *Exposition* and his *History of the Variations*. "I read," he says in his affected way, "I applauded, I believed"; and he adds with truth, in reference to Bossuet, "I surely fell by a noble hand." "In my present feelings it seems incredible that I should ever have believed in transubstantiation; but my conqueror oppressed me with the sacramental words, and dashed against each other the figurative half-meanings of the Protestant sects." Nothing can be less like the process by which the conversions to Popery of our own day have been obtained. In almost every instance in which the journey from Oxford to Rome has been made, the moving power has been moral sympathy, far more than any intellectual process; and in almost every case this has been accompanied by a dread, more or less consciously entertained and explicitly avowed, of the possible results of Protestantism. No one, we will venture to say, has been converted in the nineteenth century by a belief that, as a fact, miracles were worked in the early Church, and that, as a consequence, the doctrines professed at the same time must have been true. As a rule, the doctrines have carried the miracles. People have longed for the rest, the guidance, and the supposed guarantee for a supernatural order of things to be had from the Roman Catholic system, and have believed the specific Roman doctrines in order to get these advantages. The fact that the

process began at the other end with Gibbon is characteristic both of the man and of the age; but it is put in a still stronger light by the account which he gives of the process of his reconversion. "M. Pavillard," says Lord Sheffield, Gibbon's editor, "has described to me the astonishment with which he gazed on Mr. Gibbon standing before him, a thin little figure with a large head, disputing and urging with the greatest ability all the best arguments that had ever been used in favour of Popery." The process from first to last was emphatically an intellectual one. A curious letter from Pavillard to Gibbon's father gives a singular account of it:—

Je me persuadois [he says] que quand j'aurois détruit les principales erreurs de l'Eglise Romaine je n'aurois qu'à faire voir que les autres sont des conséquences des premières, et qu'elles ne peuvent subsister quand les fondamentales sont renversées; mais je me suis trompé, il a fallu traiter chaque article dans son entier.

He afterwards says:—"J'ai renversé l'infaillibilité de l'Eglise," &c. &c., counting up all the powerful Roman Catholic doctrines; and then he adds:—"Je me flatte qu'après avoir obtenu la victoire sur ces articles je l'aurai sur le reste avec le secours de Dieu." Gibbon himself observes:—

I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation; that the text of Scripture which seems to inculcate the real presence is attested only by a single sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses, the sight, the touch, and the taste.

He might, by the way, have recollected the famous Latin hymn which puts the same thought in another form, oddly enough making the hearing the one sense which supports the doctrine:—

Fallit visus, odor, tactus
Soli auditui creditur.

Gibbon's studies after his reconversion all lay in the direction which he followed up so effectively in the *Decline and Fall*. He began with Crousaz' *Logic*, and then went into Locke and Bayle, and he specifies three books as having had a particular influence over him. 1. From Pascal's *Provincial Letters*, "which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on subjects of ecclesiastical solemnity." 2. The Abbé de la Bleterie's *Life of Julian*; and 3. Giannone's *Civil History of Naples*, in which "I observed with a critical eye the progress and abuse of sacerdotal power." These books sufficiently indicate the course in which his mind must have been running during his studies at Lausanne. The general impression which his account of his studies there and afterwards conveys is, that he formed early in life a set of opinions and sympathies which found their complete and natural expression in the *Decline and Fall*, and which it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for him to have expressed so fully in any other shape. Several Histories of our own time might be named—Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*, for instance—which express the author's views upon almost all the great topics of moral and political interest, in the same sort of way in which novels of a certain kind express the sentiments of authors of a lighter cast. It would be impossible to reduce Gibbon's History to the form of propositions, yet the reader feels at every page that it is quite as much a vehicle for the author's sentiments on every sort of subject as a narrative told for the sake of the events which it relates; and the Memoirs enable us to see the process as it actually took place.

There are some passages in the Memoirs which move the admiration and envy of those who are not able to dispose of their time, and to lay out the plan of their studies, like Gibbon. These are the passages which describe the way in which he prepared himself to get all the instruction that was to be got out of his journeys. When about to go to Rome, he "diligently read the elaborate treatises which fill the fourth volume of the Roman Antiquities of Grævius." Also, the *Italia Antiqua* of Cluverius, in two volumes; also Strabo, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, &c., from which he compiled a table of roads and distances reduced to English measure, and filled a folio commonplace book about the geography of Italy and other kindred subjects. Lastly, he read Spanheim *De Præstantiâ et usu Numismatum*. All this was before he had any notion of writing the History of the *Decline and Fall*, and simply by way of a natural preparation for his journey. How many of us can read this, and not blush to think that our most elaborate preparations for such a journey have seldom gone beyond buying a Murray's Handbook, and perhaps a book of Italian Conversations?

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.*

THE wonderful collection of favourable opinions published at the end of this volume must be our excuse for noticing a book that has been six years before the public, and yet has failed to make itself very widely known in this country. All sorts of people appear to have volunteered their opinions of it, and they have expressed themselves in every variety of ecstasy and transport. One reviewer begins as with the tone of a trumpet—"The seal of the last book is opened. The vials of wrath are empty. The great bottle of destruction is broken. A book of extraordinary value is before us." By and by the critic "celebrates the auspicious day when the germ of this book was deposited by

the Author of all things," and finally, becoming almost humorous, exclaims, "Live or die, survive or perish, we hereby extend to this loved brother our right (not wrong) hand of fellowship and greeting." Some unfortunate human being with the inscrutable name of "L. Jud Pardee" writes that he or she or it "has read Dr. Child's beautiful book with pleasure; but my impression seems to be that it was written only from the top and back brain, where the flowers of love and intuition grow." This kind of writing is evidently meant as a sort of retaliation on the destiny by which any creature was called "L. Jud Pardee"; it punishes mankind for consenting to so barbarous and bewildering a piece of nomenclature. Yet the creature is not without a certain shrewdness. "Viewed afar off," it says, "everything is right; but in a relative sense, while struggling with it, evil is a real thing." It is refreshing to turn from so depressing and coarse a view to that of another witness, a Mrs. F. O. Hyzer. She has no sympathy with the notion of evil being a real thing. "From the hour of my earliest questionings of life's philosophy," cries Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, "*Whatever is is right* as the unalterable conviction of my soul, hath been the sunlight of my existence, and in its radiance I have kept warm on an apex of icebergs." What a fine picture does this suggest to the eye of imagination—Mrs. F. O. Hyzer on an apex of icebergs! She had often thought of writing about the wholesome influence of this great truth, but found she had not style, or some other requisite quality. So she has "shut herself up, in a measure, in the chambers of the interior to rest in the blessed consciousness that Infinite Truth could find fitting avenues for expression in its own gravitation of uses, and" &c. &c. Let us rest in blessed unconsciousness what on earth the gravitation of uses of Infinite Truth can possibly stand for. It is clearly one of those magnificent phrases which we can relish most keenly at a distance. Another lady, with more simplicity, tells us, "I keep this book as my Bible, and when disposed I open it, and read where I open"—just as Mrs. Gamp kept the gin bottle handy, so that she might take a drop whenever she felt "so disposed." Another writer, a Dr. P. B. Randolph, declares that the book is "the great literary lever of the nineteenth century," and then, with an audacity that is really sublime, assures us that "its fulcrum appears to be common sense." It is now time to turn to the book itself, which is to move the nineteenth century from the undeniable vantage-ground of common sense.

"What is a lie?" for example. It exists, and yet it does not seem to be right. "A lie," we are told in answer, "is true to the cause that produced it; so what we call a lie is a truth that exists in nature, just as real as is what we call a truth. The cause of a lie exists in nature; the cause of a truth exists in nature, and the effect of such cause is wrought out in nature. Nature is always true in her work; so both a truth and what we call a lie are lawful and right in the great plan of existence. A lie is a truth intrinsically." It requires some little experience in American literature before one can admit that this is exactly what we mean by common sense. At first sight it appears to be quite the reverse. Again, when the reader asks the lever of the nineteenth century to let him know what is vice, he receives an answer that may be called sensible in a similar way. Vice, it appears, "is a manifestation of life that produces pain and repels earthly love; it is sand-paper to the earthly covering of the soul, that takes all the earthly polish and some of the earthly substance too." Thus, by the agency of vice, "the soul gets freed from earthly matter sooner." Argal, "vice and virtue too are beautiful to the eyes of the soul. Both are right and in place." This is worth studying. Take selfishness, for instance. How may selfishness be said to take away earthly polish? For that matter, we might reasonably ask what is earthly polish? But anyhow, by what means does selfishness free the soul from earthly matter? By repelling earthly love, we suppose the literary lever would answer. But then is not the repulsion of earthly love an evil? However, if it has comforted poor Mrs. F. O. Hyzer on her apex of icebergs to think that evil is all a myth, why it is thankless work to put Dr. Child through too close an examination. And, after all, if we could pin him down to the admission that selfishness is an evil, this inimitable Proteus would at once shift to the doctrine that "what seems to us evil is not evil intrinsically; it is only the natural operation of things for the production of good." "The reason why we call certain actions evil is because we know no better." Or, put in a still more impenetrable shape, "the cause of evil lies beyond the reach of human vision as developed in the sensuous world; far beyond the boundaries of human philosophy. In the bosom of intuition we shall find it." It is plain that Dr. Child is not a combatant over whom we may hope to win an easy victory. At each turn, when we seem to have caught him, we feel that our victory is of the Pyrrhic kind—such another will lay us prostrate at his feet. What can you do with a disputant who vows that "what is called evil is good"? "Knowledge is good, and ignorance is good; virtue is good, and sin is good"; and so forth. There is an interdict about this which makes logical victory quite hopeless in the face of it.

Somebody may timidly hint, perhaps, that it is wrong to curse and swear. Not by any means, the lever assures us. As a matter of fact, "men curse and swear; and for aught we know they have since Eve gave birth to Cain. There is a cause for this; and while this cause exists men will curse and swear." Again, "Nature calls forth the true elements of any soul, not unlawfully, but lawfully. Has any one a good reason for saying that the cause in nature that makes men swear is not right"? This is a most delicious poser. Yet Dr. Child uses his giant's logic not too

* *Whatever is, is Right.* By A. B. Child, M.D. Second Edition. Boston: Berry, Colls, & Co. 1861.

tyrannously. "We may say," he concedes, stooping down benignly to the level of common mortals, "that cursing and swearing is very foolish." We eagerly and gratefully snatch this bit of intelligible straw cast to drowning men; but the writer soon dispels our sober notion by saying that, though you may believe cursing and swearing to be foolish, "we cannot say the cause is outside of nature." But then nobody would say so. Nobody who should say so could know what he meant. The truth is that our incomparable juggler first conceives nature as embracing everything actual and possible under the sun. Then he puts his finger upon a certain number of these things, and triumphantly asserts that they are inside of nature. This they clearly are, if you have previously drawn the lines of nature so as to comprehend them. Nature is one name for all sorts and shapes of being, doing, and suffering. Swearing or murdering is a mode of doing. *Argal*, it is part of nature. *Argal*, whatever is, is right. For example, one may ask, what is suicide? A vulgar person may answer that it is premature death. Not at all. In nature there is nothing premature. Nature moves the murderer's hand no less than she prolongs life to ripened maturity. Suicide is only a separation of the material body from the soul before the threads are worn and rotten. "Yes," you may answer, "but the whole question turns on the right or wrong of this separation; if the suicide hurries it on, then he is premature." The wretched sophist who talks thus is soon overthrown. "The natural love of life generally avoids the necessity of this," Dr. Child says, "and when this natural love ceases to act, nature takes her course, and what we call suicide is the consequence." Of course, nature being so defined and understood as to comprise all existing facts of life, and suicide being one of these existing facts, there is no difficulty in showing from these premises, in a very irrefragable manner indeed, that suicide is quite natural.

The only objection to the otherwise invincible force of Dr. Child's argument is that he scarcely proves that to show a thing to be natural is altogether equivalent to showing it to be right. It is not so hard to prove that whatever is is natural; especially if you take the precaution of conceiving nature as precisely identical with whatever is. It is a trifle harder to identify nature with right, unless indeed you also take a second precaution, and define right in such a way as to make it precisely co-extensive with nature. If you do this, all is plain sailing enough, and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer may well say that in the "beams of this truth she has shaken out and dried her tempest-drenched mantle, and warmed and invigorated her benumbed limbs after shipwreck." But there are people who hold that to prove a state of feeling to be natural is to prove absolutely nothing with reference to its rightness or wrongness, or, even more, that the fact of such a state being natural makes rather against it than otherwise. It is perfectly natural, for example, to slay your enemy; to demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; to do evil in return for evil suffered. All rude tribes have this notion. Even children in civilized tribes have it. But this does not make it right. On the contrary, happiness and social advancement depend on the degree in which this and other natural sentiments are thought wrong, and punished as wrong. So, again, all the appetites of the flesh are intensely consonant with nature; that is to say, we are born with them. But it is a truism to observe that, if people acted on our author's maxim, and confounding nature with right, went freely in for the pleasuring of their fleshly appetites, the world would become an extremely nasty place to dwell in. Wiser people than Dr. Child are constantly found standing in the way of progress, because some relic of a past stage of civilization appears to them to be conformable to nature. As if this were to the point, when men live no longer in a natural but in a social state.

But coarse logic is out of place in discussing "thought-germs that have throbbed and burned within spirit-worlds." To understand it, you must shut yourself up in the chamber of the interior, and think about Infinite Truth and its gravitation of uses. If we cannot find out all that the writer means by the ordinary weapons of language and reason, we have his own authority for saying that "in the bosom of intuition we shall find it," wherever that may be. "Intuition," says our luminous guide, "is the literature and the science of the soul, it is the philosophy and the logic of the spirit." It is palpable that ordinary science and logic have no place on this sacred and inaccessible soil. Let us reverently conclude in words that are gracefully wafted to us from the lady who is warming herself with Dr. Child's book on the apex of icebergs:—"Soil of such, sufficiently unfolded, will receive into its bosom the golden grain from the pages of his book, and bring forth rapidly the rich harvests of charity, of which to weave warm, soft garments to wrap round the erring brother or sister." By the way, is it usual to get much warm, soft-wearing material out of golden grain?

DICEY'S BATTLE-FIELDS OF 1866.*

MR. CARLYLE somewhere relates how Smelfungus, betting that he would find five blunders by the hour in Mignet's *French Revolution*, won easily. A competent, nay a superficial, critic might more cheaply glean a handsome crop from the lucubrations with which the British public is favoured on German affairs. First,

* *The Battle-Fields of 1866*. By Edward Dicey, Author of "Rome in 1860," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers.

there are the mistakes of undefiled historical ignorance, as when the *Times* made Prussia join the Zollverein, and ascribed the original conquest of Silesia to the Seven Years' War. Then come the curiosities of geography, as when the *Daily Telegraph* explains in a leader that the battles previous to Königgrätz were fought in the mountains which separate Bohemia from Moravia. There are also the feats of omission, as when the device of entering Bohemia from Silesia and the Lausitz with separate armies, practised by old Fritz and his Crown Prince in the so-called "Potato War," and on other occasions besides, is persistently ascribed to the invention of General Moltke. No less instructive are the pitfalls of the martyrs of journalistic consistency, as when another contemporary, having formerly had the ill luck to go in for a German Unity to be developed in a Dual shape by a strictly spontaneous national movement, did not shrink from explaining (what no one else had noticed) that the Prussian Parliament was the real Zündnadelgewehr, and that, thanks to the influence of this body, the populations of the conquered States had long been yearning for annexation, and were overjoyed to accept it now. Lastly come the optimism of the Comtists and Hegelians, who, being tied to the formula of Progress, and persuaded that mankind is finally impregnated with the salt of universal brotherhood, rigorously subtract from the German conflict all the tokens of a war of conquest and ambition, of war such as disgraced the eighteenth century—such as, heaven be thanked, we need not anticipate for our enlightened times.

Whoever can distinguish Mr. Dicey's manner from that of his fellow-labourers in the *Daily Telegraph* must be aware that he never falls into blunders like these, and that his letters are free from that compound tone of Philistinism and fustian which characterizes most of the foreign correspondence of that journal. It would not occur to him, as it lately did to his Roman colleague Mr. Augustus Sala, to place the Corso at Rome on the architectural level of Baker Street, and remark that its buildings recalled the back-slums of New York. Mr. Dicey has written intelligibly about Count Cavour and the Italian Revolution, and his present volume is a welcome contribution to our knowledge of contemporary Germany. His style is clear and graphic; he can be witty and humorous; and, though he never loses sight of decency and dignity, he can "tumble" against any acrobat on the literary boards. The *Battle-Fields of 1866* is a claptrap title which may catch a certain class of readers, but obscures the fact that Mr. Dicey's book contains political information. While differing from him on points of detail, we think that his sketches of Germany and the Germans are well drawn and coloured. Whether from a better knowledge of the country, deeper acquaintance with the language, or truer political instincts, he has gone far nearer to the heart of German questions than the pundits of our Geist school. His remarks should be studied by the imaginative persons whose moral consciousness teaches them that the German people called aloud for unity, that the Prussians are an intellectual folk who appreciate Raffaele and Rembrandt, play Beethoven's sonatas, and ruminate on the continuous passage of Nought into Being. But Mr. Dicey seems disposed to overrate the influence of Prussian intelligence on the military results of the later war. A Vienna journal exclaimed, after the battle of Königgrätz, that brain was the true Zündnadelgewehr. This is sound doctrine, but it should not lead us to undervalue the material effects obtained by the employment of Herr Dreyse's weapon. That the Prussians should desire to set down their victories to a more elevated species of machinery is natural enough. But it is certain that the Austrian troops were appalled by the deadly effects of the Prussian musketry fire when they received its first volleys at Podol and Skalitz. The Austrian misfortunes were complicated by strategical and other failures, but it would be hard to exaggerate the consequence of the rapid rain of pointed bullets in the early actions of the war. After the battles of the first three days the Austrian army was already in part demoralized, and this was mainly owing to the conviction of the soldiery, got from experience, that it was useless for them to fight against men armed with a weapon which discharged three or four shots while they were firing one. The case of 1741 was seen to have occurred again. At Mollwitz, Frederic the Great won the field because the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau had invented, and the preceding King had adopted into his army, that extraordinary innovation, the iron ramrod. By aid of another invention, William the Eagle achieved still greater triumphs than those of his ancestor.

Mr. Dicey speaks with less than his usual accuracy when he says that our military circles knew "nothing or little about breech-loaders." After the last Danish war the War Office sent a Commission to study the subject, and it was the opinion of the officers to whom this mission was entrusted that troops provided with the needle-gun must be generally invincible if fighting against an enemy armed with muzzle-loaders. This conviction was conveyed to the proper authorities, who were by no means blind to the facts reported by the Commission. That the knowledge of the War Office was subsequently upset or neutralized by transcendental sympathies for Austria is possible, but it cannot be said that the statistics and contingencies of the question had not been collected and weighed. Mr. Dicey has written:—

Our military attachés are generally well-connected officers—out of employment or out at elbows—to whom the post is given as a convenient sinecure; while in time of war we either, as at Schleswig, send out no professional Commissioners at all, or else, as in the case of this last conflict, we send them out just too late to be of any practical use.

This sentence comes from a positive misapprehension of facts. It was the fault of General Benedek, not of the British Government, that no British Commissioner joined the head-quarters of the Austrian army. The Feldzeugmeister objected to the presence, in Bohemia, of the military representatives of foreign Powers, and his reluctance was not to be overcome.

Critics who discuss the general history of the late campaign in Bohemia seem to be unaware that the data indispensable for an accurate appreciation of events are as yet wanting. Hitherto no facts and figures have been given from the Austrian side. We hear glib condemnations and approvals of Benedek's plan, but no one knows precisely what that plan was. No less an authority than Major von Verdy thinks that the preliminary concentration at Olmütz was part of a serious design to enter Prussian Silesia from the Austrian province of that name. A Prussian staff-officer, writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* from Berlin, considers, on the other hand, that Benedek wished to imitate the policy of Frederic the Great before the battle of Hohenfriedberg—that is, to leave the trap open so as to entice the mouse to his ruin. In Vienna opinions have been divided on this important subject. Another point on which the world is still in darkness is the numerical strength and distribution of the Austrian army of the North. How many effectives were mustered by the seven corps which formed the Imperial forces in the theatre of war? How many fighting men had Benedek under his hand on the 26th of June? When Prince Frederic Charles was driving Count Clam-Gallas out of Munchengrätz, when Steinmetz was beating Ramming and the Archduke Leopold at Skalitz, when the First Prussian Corps and the Guard were cutting up Gablenz near and at Trautenau, where were the corps of Festetics, Thun, and the Archduke Ernest? If they were at the places conjecturally named by the *Times'* reviewer of Colonel Cooke's paper, why were they absent at Gitchin and Königshof? While questions like these are unanswered (and they are but specimens of a hundred which might be asked as regards the Austrian and the Prussian armies), it is idle to speak of the war except in its broad results. Meanwhile it may be proper to remove a very prevalent misconception as to the ethnological composition of the Austrian army of the North. Some of our Phormios persist in repeating that one reason of the Austrian inferiority to the Prussian troops was the absence in Italy of the Kaiser's German regiments. The safety of the Empire, it is said, was entrusted to the hands of uncivilized Hungarians and Croats, who were unfaithful and unequal to their trust. Now it happens that almost all the German troops in the Imperial army were under Benedek's command; perhaps the qualifying adverb might be safely omitted. All the so-called crack regiments—such as the King of the Belgians and Grand Duke of Hesse, Hoch and Deutschmeister (or Viennese) infantry—were specially sent to Bohemia. It is true that the Kaiser-Jägers remained in the Tyrol, which is their natural theatre of war. But of the troops who fought at Custoza few or none were Germans. Neither is there any reason for supposing that Hungarians and Slaves distinguished themselves by a bad eminence in cowardice, treachery, or disobedience. The Hungarians are traditionally esteemed in Austria as perhaps the bravest and best soldiers of the Imperial army, and the Austrians, who should presumably possess some evidence on the subject, have felt none of the suspicions entertained by foreign journalists. Even the Italians, who had no inducements to fidelity before them, are known to have fought well at Königgrätz. Two battalions of them, however, surrendered at the battle of Aschaffenburg on rather easy terms—a result which the Viennese press ascribed to the exceptional position in which they were placed by the previous cession of their country to France. The notion that the Austrian troops did not do their duty as far as in them lay is, in reality, a gratuitous inference from the Prussian successes, and from the fact that the Austrian Empire, when the war broke out, was full of political discontent. But no evidence at once detailed and authentic has been produced in its support, and its improbability is suggested by the known antecedents of the case. We can state from personal observation that the Austrian regiments which passed through Vienna to join the army of the North were animated by an enthusiasm which might be called boundless, and which, to a foreigner acquainted with the military *fusti* of the Empire, seemed to pass the limits of a reasonable confidence. There is no reason for doubting but that all Benedek's forces were inspired by a like spirit. The war was popular in the Empire. The Germans were not only eager, but fanatical, on its behalf. The Hungarians desired victory for Hungarian troops and the Hungarian commander. Slaves, who are always ready to fight, responded to the Kaiser's call with unusual alacrity when they learned that the enemy was a German. These feelings may have been a very illogical consequence of the political condition of the Empire; but it is none the less certain that they prevailed amongst the populations, whose sentiments were faithfully reflected by the troops. The general belief of the army was that old Hadik's inroad on Berlin would be reproduced by Benedek on a scale so vast, and with results so tremendous, as to consign that dashing exploit of the Seven Years' War to military oblivion. It is unnecessary to remark that in the other camp no such confidence prevailed. The war was utterly unpopular in the Prussian ranks, optimism was by no means the order of the day, and the common disposition was to discount, not victories, but defeats. Mr. Dicey, has, we think, too exalted a notion of the Geist and civilization of Germany as compared with that of Austria's Hungarian and Slave provinces. As regards that factor of Geist

which resides in natural intelligence, it may well be doubted whether there be any difference of the sort assumed. For mere rapidity of intuition and instinctive cultivation, the Magyars, as well as some of the Slave races, like the Poles and Croats, must be rated above the average Westphalian or Pomeranian boor. The educational forces are of course on the side of Prussia, but there is no evidence extant which proves that a man can wield a bayonet with extra vigour, or march with greater speed, because he has read Homer and counted the categories of Kant.

Mr. Dicey does not chime in with the general admiration of the Prussian successes. He has an evident dislike of the new Northern Baal, and will not worship at its altar. He thinks that the very completeness of the Prussian triumph lessens their greatness, and seems to consider that Sadowa was a sort of Plassey or Meenace, where the obvious inferiority of the vanquished should be counted as a set-off against the victor's success. Such speculative criticism need not detain us here, but it suggests an inquiry which has yet to be answered from the Prussian camp. Why did the Prussians neglect to follow up their victory after the battle of Königgrätz? That for a space of one or two days they should rest on their arms was natural enough; if not in the same degree as the Austrians, they had fatigues and losses to repair. But that they should have so neglected the dictates of prudence as to abstain from troubling the retreat of their disorganised foe—this is a mystery of which the key has not yet been offered. Certain it is that, with a flying corps of moderate strength, they might, under due conditions of audacity and quickness, have menaced, perhaps even entered, Vienna itself.

The concluding chapter of Mr. Dicey's volume on "the New Germany," contains useful and new information. It explains what Germans mean by "Unity"—a word and idea which most of our public writers, when speaking of Germany, persist in identifying with the absolute and unqualified unity of the Italians. Whoever reads this book for mere amusement should turn to the picture of Heligoland, with its tyrannical dictator, Maxse, who has discovered an error of 57l. 10s. 11½d. in the insular budget, and built a theatre with some odd planks, to the disgust of the oppressed nationality which groans beneath his yoke.

VITTORIA.*

IT is a somewhat difficult task to give a fair review of a book in which there is apparently a wide disproportion between the expenditure of ability and the result obtained. In the not uncommon case where the popularity of an author exceeds what would seem to be his due, the critic cannot but feel a certain diffidence; he may be demolishing a windbag, but, on the other hand, he may be merely giving another example of the occasional inferiority of the cultivated to the popular judgment. Contemporary reviews of Keats and Wordsworth still unpleasantly shake the general belief in critical infallibility. In the reverse case the task is less invidious. A compliment thrown away can at any rate do no harm; but there is still an unpleasant sensation that there must be some undiscovered flaw in the criticism. It is the exception for a writer to display much ability in any direction without obtaining a fair amount of recognition, and it is therefore incumbent upon any one who asserts the existence of talent which has failed of due appreciation to point out the circumstances to which the failure is due. This is a short statement of the duty we have to discharge to Mr. Meredith. There can be no mistake either as to his abilities, or as to his failure in obtaining a corresponding place in popular esteem. In *Vittoria*, which is just republished from the *Fortnightly Review*, he has shown as much power of thought and style as would fit out a dozen writers of sensation novels. There is scarcely a page in which there is not evidence of originality, and, what is much rarer, of conscientious labour, often skillfully applied. The conversations, instead of being the slipshod collections of says-he's and says-she's with which most novelists eke out their narrow materials, are only too pointed and vigorous for the interlocutors. Almost every character stands out distinctly and forcibly; some show great originality of conception. The descriptions, again, of natural scenery are really picturesque and compact, instead of being diluted verbiage spun out at random. Yet, with all these merits, and we might conscientiously speak of others, we fear that Mr. Meredith's novel has the unmistakable fault of being hard to read. It is often so clever as to be on the verge of genius, but somehow we don't get on with it. It is a succession of brilliancies which are never fused into a brilliant whole; and it is cram full of smart sayings which have an awkward way of just stopping short of the intelligible. We have, in short, that unpleasant sensation which is sometimes produced by the talk of a very clever man who wants to be a little cleverer still—who overstrains himself in the effort to be exceedingly smart, and ends by talking something which neither he nor his company quite understand, which simple persons assume to be wonderful because it is not quite intelligible, and which nobody finds to be genuinely entertaining.

The first thing which strikes the reader, in considering this phenomenon, is the curious nature of Mr. Meredith's style. It gives us the impression of prose striving to be poetry. It has the compressions, the odd turns, and sometimes almost the rhythm of poetry, though it never quite gets its feet off the ground. To quote a few sentences almost at random, a man is described as

* *Vittoria*. By George Meredith. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867

"flashing a white fist and thumping the long projection of his knee with a wolfish aspect." With an imperceptible change this might be a fragment of blank verse. A woman lifted over a precipice "felt the saving hold of her feet plucked from her, with all the sinking horror, and bit her underlip, as if keeping in the scream with bare stitches." Then we are told that "the pale spikéd dialogue broke, not to be revived"; we hear of a "spirit writhing in the serpent coil of fiery blushes"; or are informed concerning a gentleman who had good reasons for feeling that the hours passed slowly, that "the face of time had been imaged like the withering masque of a corpse to him." These sentences may perhaps read, in their detached shape, something like the ordinary fine writing of inferior novelists; but in fact they are genuine attempts to express something forcibly, and seem to be natural in Mr. Meredith. The only fault we find with them is that they imply an effort to put more into a quiet prose sentence than it can contain, with the natural result of making it cramped and uncomfortable. A similar defect may be traced in Mr. Meredith's dialogues. As we have said, they are never trivial or commonplace. His characters do not talk, as Mr. Trollope's so often contrive to do, down half a page in asking for a cup of tea or a railway-ticket. But their smart sayings are so full of epigram and hidden allusion and indirect satire that we often feel a little oppressed by their wisdom, and venture to doubt whether Mr. Meredith quite understands it himself. Here is a bit of the "pale spikéd dialogue." Some one mentions, with a hidden sarcasm, that bullfinches should be fed on grapes before singing. Another replies:—

"To make them exhibit the results, you withdraw the benefit suddenly, of course?"

"We imitate the general run of Fortune's gifts as much as we can," said Merthyr.

"That is the training for little shrill parrots; we have none in Italy," Laura sighed, mock dolefully; "I fear the system would fail among us."

"It certainly would not build Como villas," said Lena.

Laura cast sharp eyes on her pretty face.

"It is adapted for caged voices that are required to chirrup to tickle the ears of bores."

We fully admit that this sarcasm is so refined as to be almost beyond us. If we had room for the context, our readers might be quicker; meanwhile we can only mention that it has some reference to an Italian cantatrice who is present. The defect in this writing is obvious; it is laborious, and yet the labour has not been carried far enough. A little less effort might have left it easy; a little more might possibly make it at once polished and intelligible. It is a great mistake, in blacking boots, to leave off just before they begin to shine, for then all the previous labour is thrown away; in literature it seems to be not merely thrown away, but actually prejudicial. The truth seems to be that Mr. Meredith has one of those restless minds which have an ever exaggerated fear of becoming a bore. There is no due repose in his writing; and yet, though he is always bristling with point, he has hardly enough patience to obtain a thoroughly satisfactory result.

When we come to his plot and his characters, a similar weakness appears even more decidedly. The plot is by far the weakest part of the book. We have studied it with due attention, but must confess ourselves baffled. The main design is indeed evident enough. Vittoria is a noble Italian woman with a marvellous voice. She is to give a signal at the opera for the rising in Milan during the troubles of 1849. The signal rather misses fire, owing to a bewildering complication of plots and counterplots, and Vittoria is herself suspected; she is, however, loved by a young noble who has joined the conspiracy; and, after a variety of troubles during Charles Albert's struggle against Austria, she marries him. He throws himself into Brescia previously to its bombardment, and shortly after the battle of Novara is captured by an Austrian detachment and shot. Before this point is reached there has been a whirl of Italian patriots, spies, and conspirators, of Austrian officers and duchesses, and of English tourists, working out all kinds of complicated schemes, which absolutely makes the brain giddy. To determine who is wanting to do what, at any given moment, is as difficult an intellectual employment as hunting out a railway puzzle in Bradshaw or solving a chess problem. The relations of every one to his or her neighbour depend upon so many delicate strings that we should be quite content to take Mr. Meredith's own account of their purposes. But here he unfortunately fails us; he has evidently studied his own plot so carefully that it probably seems as plain to him as the chess problem would to Mr. Morphy. He can work it, so to speak, without seeing the board; whereas we should require a careful study before we could call to mind the relative action of the pieces. And thus he makes demands upon the attention of his readers of which he is probably not aware. Indeed, he is so familiar with the incidents that he sometimes forgets to make them plain, even when he is relating them. Thus an important scene is described as follows—Rinaldo, we should say, being a conspirator, and presumably an assassin, in Austrian hands, and the woman an Italian acquaintance:—

Then a procession walked some paces on. The woman followed. She fell prostrate at the feet of Count Karl (the Austrian commander). He listened to her and nodded. Rinaldo stood alone with bandaged eyes. The woman advanced to him; she put her mouth on his ear; there she hung. Vittoria heard a single shot. Rinaldo lay stretched upon the ground, and the woman stood over him.

We confess that, after reading this account carefully, we could not make out what had happened. And our perplexity was not quite dispelled until the end of the next volume, in spite of one intermediate explanation. It then turned out that the woman, who

was a great admirer of Rinaldo, had shot him by leave of Count Karl, to save him from the shame of execution; and, further, that this benevolent action had been imposed upon her by her husband, who was a great conspirator, as a punishment for having previously disobeyed him in helping Rinaldo to escape. Now this is a dramatic incident, and one which, in the hands of many writers, would have led up to absurd sensational writing. That would doubtless have been objectionable, but it is as unreasonable in a different way to tell the story so that we don't quite know whether it has happened or not.

The difficulty thus produced in following Mr. Meredith is aggravated in still another way. The characters, as we have said, are really very clever, and some perhaps deserve a stronger epithet. But we must really object to the eccentric way in which they make their exits and their entrances. Some of them are formally introduced to us in the good old-fashioned way, and we feel that it is our own fault if we do not afterwards succeed in identifying them. But others drop in, as it were, accidentally, and the reader is expected to be perfectly familiar with their tastes and peculiarities. Some of them, it seems, have appeared in a former novel of Mr. Meredith's, but that is no justification for spoiling one which should be complete in itself. As we have, we must confess, the misfortune of not being familiar with *Emilia Wyndham*, we cannot explain the evident affection with which the author regards certain subordinate actors in the story. Their previous history may be a sufficient justification to Mr. Meredith himself, but it is an artistic fault when the first and second conspirators and all the mere walking gentlemen are portrayed with as much care as the hero and heroine. It adds to the distracting effect of the plot, of which we never know very well what is the main thread and what is merely incidental, that we are in equal ignorance as to the relative importance of the characters. The interest is too much dispersed already by the nature of the story, and this system tends rather to increase the dispersion. With all this fault-finding, however, we must add that the characters are, in our opinion, the strongest point of Mr. Meredith's very clever, though rather unreadable, performance, and that if two or three of them were extracted from the labyrinth in which they are placed, and set to turn some simple machinery, they would make a far more interesting story.

We must conclude by one more very obvious though unfavourable piece of criticism; which is, that a writer imposes a great additional burden upon himself when he takes for the scene of his story a country and time with which most of his readers are little familiar, and as to which—to state a far more important objection—his own mind can scarcely be saturated with knowledge up to the proper point. The greater triumphs of fiction are certainly won on ground with which both writer and readers are thoroughly familiar, and it wants no great philosophy to see the reason. Mr. Meredith, already so incomprehensible to the vulgar, can scarcely afford to carry extra weight without absolute necessity.

WARRIORS OF THE CIVIL WARS.*

THIS new contribution of Sir Edward Cust towards the formation of a portable soldier's library contains, in two volumes, the lives, exploits, and characters of some of the most distinguished soldiers who fought in the civil wars of France and England during the seventeenth century. The greatest names in the military history of France, and distinguished alike in civil and foreign warfare, were Turenne and Condé. That obscure subject, the war of the Fronde, may become to a diligent student intelligible by Sir Edward Cust's help; and that still more obscure subject, the campaigns in Germany of Turenne against Montecuculi, may also be made reasonably clear by industry and constant reference to the map which the author has judiciously furnished. As we cannot transfer this map to our own columns, and as any attempt at description without it would be utterly hopeless, we shall content ourselves with saying that the campaigns in question were in the highest degree scientific, and doubtless the Duke of Marlborough, who served under Turenne, improved vastly in so excellent a school. It will be more profitable to turn to the volume which shows how great strategic movements were performed, to the inexpressible affliction of the inhabitants, in England and Scotland. We will select, from the author's heroes, Prince Rupert and the Marquis of Montrose. The career of the former is little known. The career of the latter is so well known, and of such romantic interest, that almost anything that could be written about him would be read with eagerness.

Prince Rupert was the third son of the unfortunate Elector Palatine, King of Bohemia, and of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King James I. of England. He came to this country to ask the help of his uncle King Charles I. in recovering his brother's hereditary dominions, and as the uncle could not aid his nephews, they, with a few German and English followers, made an attempt which ended in Prince Rupert being carried a prisoner to Vienna. He employed three or four years of captivity in completing his military education, and thus, when he joined King Charles I. against the English Parliament, he had better claims to confidence than some other foreigners whom it has pleased Englishmen to prefer to native officers for high military command. In an early skirmish near Worcester, the leading of Prince Rupert

* *Lives of the Warriors of the Civil Wars of France and England.* By General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, D.C.L., Author of the "Annals of the Wars." 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1867.

made the Royalist cavalry victorious, although they had neither firearms nor armour, but only swords. In the battle of Edge Hill, the same leading carried the King's cavalry off the field in hot pursuit, leaving the infantry to sustain defeat. At the taking by storm of Cirencester, and afterwards of Bristol, the impetuous courage of the Prince succeeded where more discreet valour might have failed. He compelled the Parliamentary army to fight at Newbury, and again he half won a victory. The cavalry under his command prevailed over the adverse cavalry, but no impression could be made upon the London trained bands and other infantry of the Parliament. Experience in the field gave increased steadiness to the Parliamentary armies, and the headlong rush which the Cavaliers had learned from Prince Rupert became less effective. The ardour of the Prince brought on the battle of Marston Moor, but it could not avert the heavy blow which the King's cause there received from the hand of Cromwell. Next year the discipline which Fairfax and Cromwell had introduced into the Parliamentary army enabled it to defeat the King and Prince still more decisively at Naseby. It may be useful to mention that Marston Moor is five miles from York, and Naseby is in what hunting men now call the "shires." The King's troops had stormed and sacked Leicester immediately before the fight at Naseby. Prince Rupert, after this defeat, undertook to defend Bristol, which he had himself taken; but his talent was better adapted for attack than defence, and he astonished and disappointed the King's party by surrendering almost upon the first summons. The Royal standard was set up at Nottingham in August, 1642, and Bristol was surrendered in September, 1645.

The uncalculating ardour of Rupert's character was better suited for naval than military warfare, and fate ordained that he, a Prince of Germany, should command English fleets. But between the surrender of Bristol and the Restoration he went through strange adventures, and became, to speak plainly, a buccaneer. If it be thought strange that he should have become afterwards a Fellow of the Royal Society, it should be remembered that there was once an Archbishop of York who was suspected of having made in his youth more than one cruise in West Indian seas. Prince Rupert, having quitted England after the fall of Bristol, assumed the command of some English ships of war which had declared for the King, and, after lingering in a Dutch port until the Dutch became somewhat pressing in their invitations to him to depart, he sailed to Ireland. His resolute character made him popular with English sailors, and indeed he had many qualities calculated to win the regard of the nation generally; but his overbearing temper made it difficult for Englishmen of rank to act under or with him. He was blockaded in Kinsale harbour by a Parliamentarian fleet, but escaped in a gale which compelled the blockaders to keep an offing. He was again blockaded in the Tagus, and again escaped by setting sail in a gale such as it was thought no man in his senses would put to sea in. He was chased into Carthage, and there compelled to abandon his ships, and travel by land to Toulon, in which port his brother Maurice, with a portion of the fleet, had taken shelter. He next crossed the Atlantic, nearly losing his life in a mutiny on the voyage; and now he took to buccaneering—or, in other words, to piracy—as a business. The years 1649-53 were passed by him almost entirely upon the ocean. The death of his brother Maurice, who was lost in his ship, which was pleasantly called *The Honest Seaman*, and other causes, determined Rupert to return to Europe. Among the causes which operated to bring him home may possibly have been the consideration that Cromwell, who with a powerful navy and skilful admirals had restrained Algerine piracy, would not be likely to leave West Indian buccaneering unsupported. Having been for a long time utterly lost to European knowledge, Prince Rupert anchored at Nantes, and thence proceeded to Paris, where his reputation for daring exploits in a varied career by sea and land gained for him great admiration. He was at first supposed to have brought home with him vast wealth, but he explained that that which was easily gotten went as easily. During the years of poverty and wandering which intervened between his return from sea and the Restoration, he invented the process of engraving in mezzotint. The biographer states that after the Restoration "he vainly endeavoured to settle himself in life by a creditable marriage," and, on failure of these efforts, he transmitted the blood of the Electors Palatine to at least one English family by methods which were not creditable. He was the best tennis-player in England, he was fond of field sports, and yachting on the Thames, and he had considerable capacity in many ways for appreciating the blessings of that good time when the King was enjoying his own again. But in 1665 he was called upon to hoist his flag as Admiral of the White in the fleet which was equipped for war against the French and Dutch. He took part in those four days of obstinate fighting with the Dutch, in which Monk, Duke of Albemarle, had the chief command. This battle is perhaps better known from Dryden's poem than from history, but the statement that

They sure fought well
Whom Rupert led and who were British born,

was not only poetical but also historical.

Next year the British fleet was almost broken up, and Prince Rupert was with the Court at Tunbridge Wells when the Dutch fleet sailed into the Thames. Peace followed, and the Prince now lived at Windsor Castle, of which he was Governor. He was occupied in studies and experiments, but he hunted in the Royal Forest with the gentlemen of Berkshire, among whom he was highly popular, and he still kept his yacht upon the Thames.

When war again broke out with the Dutch, he took the chief command of the English fleet. The French were nominally our allies, but, in the furious battles between Prince Rupert and the Dutch in 1673, they for the most part confined themselves to looking on. The Prince did not go to sea after this year, and the remainder of his life was passed in tranquillity and retirement. He died at his house in Spring Gardens, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. If his lot had been cast in a quiet age, he would have spent life happily in scientific study and experiment, and that strength which he often displayed in hand-to-hand conflict might have been exercised in wielding a blacksmith's hammer. His name appears frequently in the Transactions of the Royal Society. He was the first Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the district called Rupert's Land perpetuates his memory. Perhaps no general ever bore an important and honourable part in so many battles which were not victories. He was in his first campaigns the model of a jovial neck-or-nothing cavalier; but high animal courage and a good seat on horseback availed little against the stern fanaticism of

The servants of the Lord,
With the Bible and the sword.

Prince Rupert and his followers had an easy bargain in riding down the early levies of the Parliament; but, as Scott's song says—

They fled like the chaff before Fairfax and Cromwell;

and, indeed, tumultuous valour was not likely to stand long against the rigid discipline of the Ironsides. The particular errors which lost the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby might have been avoided; but the contest, under the conditions which existed, could have no other issue than it had.

But it was shown by the Marquis of Montrose that loyalty could furnish as strong a motive for action as religion. After the battle of Marston Moor, when small hope of restoring the King's affairs remained in England, Montrose began that wonderful series of exploits which almost secured the wavering fidelity of Scotland. Montrose commenced public life as an ardent adherent of the Covenant, and King Charles has the merit of attaching to himself by means of a personal conference the most devoted and powerful of his supporters. The success which attended Montrose when first he raised the Royal standard was astonishing. At Tippermuir he commanded about 3,000 Irish and Highlanders, among whom there were three horses and not a single gun. The Irish had muskets with only one round of ammunition, and had neither swords nor pikes. Some of the Highlanders had swords and Lochaber axes, and some had no arms at all. Opposed to them were six or eight thousand foot and seven or eight hundred horse, all well appointed, and amply supplied with arms and ammunition, including nine pieces of artillery. Montrose advised the Highlanders who had no arms to pick up stones, close with their enemies, knock them on the head, and take their arms from them. Under these disadvantages he obtained a decisive victory. In the winter he made a devastating inroad into the country of his chief enemy, the Marquis of Argyll, and at the battle of Inverlochy he broke the power of the Campbells. After an uninterrupted series of successes during the spring and summer of 1645, he still found himself far inferior in numbers, and still more in equipment, to General Baillie, whom he encountered at Kilsyth. The first movement of that battle was an attack by the Covenanters upon some houses held by Montrose's men. The attack was repulsed, and the Highlanders were pursuing the assailants, when a regiment of cuirassiers advanced to charge the Highlanders. The gleaming of armour under the sun struck alarm into the mountaineers, who were heard to declare that they would not fight with men clad in impenetrable iron. Montrose was equal to the occasion. "See," said he, "these are the cowards that ran away from you at Tippermuir. Their officers could not get them to look you again in the face, and so they have clad them in iron. Let us show our contempt by fighting them in our shirts." Suiting the action to the word, he threw off the light armour that he wore, and his men disburdened themselves of their clothing, thereby gaining, under the excessive heat of an August day, a great advantage in the conflict which followed. No victory could be more complete than that which Montrose gained at Kilsyth, and it opened to him a way into the south of Scotland by which he might communicate with whatever adherents remained to the King in the north of England. But he was lured southward to destruction. There came no help to him from beyond the Tweed, and as he drew nearer to that river the force which he had led from the mountains dwindled. Not even the genius of Montrose could convert the Highlanders into an army capable of sustaining operations far from their own homes. Naked, and armed with stones, they could defeat under his leadership disciplined and equipped troops, but, "unstable as water," no plan of campaign could be built on their co-operation. In September, Montrose, with the small force which still followed the Royal standard, was at Philiphaugh, near Selkirk, closely pursued by the covenanting General David Leslie, with a far superior force. At this time the battle of Naseby had been lost, and Prince Rupert had surrendered Bristol. Montrose needed but a little aid to enable him to deal with Leslie, as he had dealt with Argyll and Baillie, but there came to him no aid at all. Lord Digby and Sir Marmaduke Langdale had marched with a body of cavalry from Newark as far north as Doncaster, but they seem to have got no further. Thus Montrose was exposed at Philiphaugh to attack by an overwhelming superiority of force. No valour or skill could countervail such odds, but the small body of cavalry which

he commanded cut its way, when the battle was lost, through surrounding enemies, and made good its retreat to Peebles, whence Montrose retired to the Athole country, within reach of those Highlanders whom he had so often led to victory. The war was kept on foot for nearly a year after Montrose's retreat from the banks of the Tweed, as it had been before he advanced southwards, but the battle of Philiphaugh was the turning-point in his adventurous career. If his master could have given some small help from England, instead of sending to him embarrassing orders and impracticable plans—if he could have been met at Selkirk by a few hundred of those gallant cavaliers who had followed Prince Rupert in so many rash and unprofitable enterprises—the course of history might have been changed. But he could not do the whole of so great a work himself. In July, 1646, he disbanded his remaining followers, and embarked for Norway. In 1650 he made an attempt to set up the standard of King Charles II. in Scotland, and, being disappointed in all quarters of promised help, he once more undertook, as he had done before, to wage war against the resources of a nation with his single arm. Through life he acted upon the principle of his own familiar lines—

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all.

By success he would have won a kingdom for his master. By failure he incurred defeat, captivity, and death. He was executed at Edinburgh on the 21st of May, 1650.

The earlier volumes which Sir Edward Cust compiled in pursuance of his plan "to produce reading for officers" contain a tolerably full account of the military career of Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, the trusted lieutenant of the Duke of Wellington. He has now given an interesting description of the marvellous exploits of the great Marquis of Montrose. Perhaps before he finally completes his work he will have extended it so as to include the life of the third famous soldier of the same name—James Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

DR. GUSTAVE PARTHEY, of Berlin, published some years ago a new edition of the celebrated *Ποικίλη*, which occupies so prominent a place amongst the remains of what is called Hermetic philosophy; and in his preface he announced his intention of collecting and issuing, in like manner, the other fragments preserved by Lactantius, Stobæus, and various classical authors. When the promise thus held out by Dr. Parthey will be realized, we know not. In the meanwhile, M. Louis Ménard gives us a translation of all the writings ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus, introducing his volume with an elaborate and very interesting essay on the value of these curious compositions, their origin, and the place they hold in the history of philosophy.* We cannot here go at any length into this subject, but we may state the general conclusions at which M. Ménard has arrived. The books bearing the name of Hermes Trismegistus are, in his opinion, decidedly the product of heathen thought, but of heathen thought already expiring before the influence of Christianity. They are thus a kind of connecting link between the past and the present. When we read them we fancy we see the religion of the old world endeavouring to hold its ground by a compromise with the new faith. Having been the originator and guardian of a wonderful system of civilization, it will not acknowledge that its day is gone, its authority past; and it fancies that a few judicious excisions and alterations will confirm its enjoyment of a prestige which is fast dwindling away into nothing. Three different lines of thought run through the *Ποικίλη* and the other books of kindred origin; Greeks, Egyptians, and Jews have each contributed a share to them. Lactantius had the highest opinion of them, though his favourable judgment was not shared by other Fathers of the Church. In his eyes, the pseudo-Hermetic writings were the most valuable remains of primitive antiquity. "Hermes," he says, "has discovered nearly the whole truth, I know not how." The only drawback to M. Ménard's volume is that it does not give the text of the *Ποικίλη* and other fragments. Thus we have still cause to regret that Dr. Parthey has not yet redeemed his promise, and we can only hope that he or some other competent scholar will present us with a good edition of the works in question.

The first part of M. Jules Barni's *Histoire des Idées Morales et Politiques*† was noticed by us in the course of last year; we have now to glance at the second. Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Diderot, and D'Alembert are here presented to the reader, and the important part which these three writers played in the history of the eighteenth century sufficiently accounts for the very ample analysis given of their writings by M. Barni. Rousseau, moreover, was a *citoyen de Genève*, and in a series of lectures delivered in that city it is natural that he should occupy a prominent place. No less than 300 pages out of 495 are absorbed by him. And it is also to be borne in mind that Rousseau aspired to the honour of completing the work begun by Voltaire and Montesquieu. At the point of view which the author of *L'Esprit des Lois* had adopted, the principle of morality is too often made to yield to considerations of a merely historical and critical character. Voltaire, on the other hand, be-

lieved that the great desideratum of the age was the destruction of social prejudices and of those remains of feudal barbarism which still formed so striking a contrast with the refinements of civilization. He valued in man nothing but the social element, forgetting that the deepest corruption may be, and often is, found side by side with the utmost refinement of manners. Rousseau was the moralist of the eighteenth century, and he always protested eloquently against the want of principle which prevailed among his contemporaries; though, as M. Barni remarks, his own example was sadly calculated to weaken the authority of his teaching. Diderot and D'Alembert were not men of the highest genius, nor can they be placed in the same rank as the three authors we have just mentioned; but the influence which they exercised was powerful, and it has contributed to a great extent to re-mould modern society. Diderot's forte was brilliancy; he had all the qualities of an admirable improvisatore; but he lacked that steadiness of purpose which alone accomplishes great results, and therefore he has not left any adequate monument of his undoubted powers. Well known as the editor of the *Encyclopédie*, equally distinguished for his literary qualities and his scientific researches, D'Alembert performed admirably the part of *chaperon* to the new ideas. He presented them in a palatable manner to the higher classes of society; he made them familiar to that portion of the public which frequented the Académie Française and the Académie des Sciences, and thus obtained for them a kind of official position, though at the cost of a certain amount of freedom.

The Abbé Domenech speaks of Mexico with enthusiasm.* He has lived, he says, for many years amongst the people; he knows their habits, their virtues, and their vices, and he simply aims at stating what he considers to be the naked truth about them. The result of his observations of Mexico and the Mexicans is that he strongly advocates the permanent occupation of the country by the French. The opposition so universally raised on the subject he considers to be merely part and parcel of the system of tactics adopted against the Emperor Napoleon by the Republicans and the Royalists. If the Mexican expedition has failed, it is, in M. Domenech's opinion, because it was not carried on with sufficient energy. He would have France set at defiance the upholders of the famous Monroe doctrine; for, he says, if Maximilian abandons Mexico, the Yankees will annex it, and France will, after all, be drawn into a war far more terrible than that which she has endeavoured to avoid. Sobriety of judgment is clearly not the Abbé's strong point.

M. Charles Nisard has given us in his *Chansons Populaires*† a kind of continuation of the excellent history of this class of literature which he published some years ago. It seems that, when he prepared for the press the second edition of the *Histoire des Livres Populaires*, his intention was to add a third volume on the subject of songs. Against this plan his publisher, M. Dentu, raised an objection; M. Nisard yielded, and thus reserved for a distinct publication what was to have been a mere appendix to the former work. We are fortunate in having thus gained five hundred pages more of very interesting details. The theme on which our author now descants is essentially French song; but the modern *vaudeville* traces back its origin to classical literature, and therefore we have an introduction on the popular songs of the Romans, the Greeks, and even the Hebrews. Historical songs abounded in France at a very early time, and the famous couplets which, on the authority of Robert Wace, Taillefer is said to have recited at the battle of Hastings, were evidently part of a kind of mediæval *Marschallie*. During the occupation of France by the English, satirical and historical ditties were of frequent occurrence, Olivier Basselin and Chartier being the best-known authors of them. M. Nisard gives us also several quotations from the *Mazarinades*, and from the innumerable satirical pieces composed against Louis XIV. and his Ministers. At a later period we find the famous *Recueil de Mauvrepes* prepared at the command of the Minister of that name; it is interesting, no doubt, but so coarse that it can only supply very few extracts fit for general perusal. The whole of M. Nisard's second volume is taken up by an account of contemporary *chansons*—love, wine, war, and miscellaneous subjects forming respectively the topics of four distinct chapters. Here will be found the famous "Eh, Lambert!" "Le Sire de Framboisy," and "Pandore," which all the *gamins* of Paris are so well acquainted with—to say nothing of Mademoiselle Thérèse's favourite songs, "La Femme à Barbe," and "Rien n'est Sacré pour un Sapeur." An excellent index completes the second volume.

Another admirable contribution to the same style of literature is M. de la Villemarqué's new edition of the *Breiz-Breiz*‡, or old popular ballads of Brittany. The learned critic has now added several new features to his *recueil*, besides enriching it with nearly a dozen pieces which had not been previously published. He gives in every instance a modern-French translation of the songs, and also a commentary explaining all the circumstances connected with the various pieces. The tunes of the most remarkable ballads, printed together at the end of the volume, impart to it additional interest. Thanks to M. de la Villemarqué, we can now become thoroughly acquainted with the literature of Brittany; and it is much to be desired that other *savants*, equally competent and industrious, would do the same work for Burgundy, Provence, Languedoc, and Gascony.

* *Le Mexique tel qu'il est*. Par Emmanuel Domenech. Paris: Dentu.

† *Les Chansons Populaires chez les Anciens et chez les Français*. Par Charles Nisard. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Breiz-Breiz, Chants Populaires de la Bretagne*. Recueillis par M. le Vicomte H. de la Villemarqué. Paris: Didier.

* *Hermès Trismégiste, traduction complète, précédée d'une étude*. Par Louis Ménard. Paris: Didier.

† *Histoire des Idées Morales et Politiques en France au 18^e Siècle*. Par M. Jules Barni. Vol. 2. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

The recent colliery explosions render M. Simonin's splendid volume quite an *ouvrage de circonstance*.^{*} Minerals, mines, and miners, the treasures of the earth and the best way to get at them—such is the theme of *La Vie Souterraine*, one of those illustrated new-year's presents for which we are indebted to the enterprising firm of Messrs. Hachette. Only a person well acquainted with the habits of miners can describe their life, their dangers, and their habits; and in this respect no one could be better qualified than M. Simonin. *La Vie Souterraine* is divided into three parts. The first relates to coal. A description of the principal coal-mines of England, France, and Belgium enables us to compare the resources of these countries; and the working of the mineral is explained, together with the various dangers arising from damp, inundations, &c., and the way of guarding against such accidents. The second section of the volume, treating of precious metals, includes a very valuable account of the gold-fields throughout the world, and a chapter on the relation of gold and silver to political economy. In the third and last division we have a description of diamonds, amethysts, rubies, emeralds, and other rarities of the same nature. Numerous plates, printed in chromolithograph, woodcuts, geological maps, &c., illustrate the statements given in the letter-press, and render them thoroughly intelligible.

M. George Perrot's work[†], like M. Simonin's, is essentially a publication of the day. After following attentively in the daily papers the various incidents of the Cretan revolution, we naturally wish to know something of the island in which they have taken place, and we turn to the book of M. Georges Perrot. During the space of three months this gentleman has travelled through Crete from end to end; fond of nature, a scholar, an antiquarian, and a muscular Christian, he is up to all the duties of a tourist. He collects the legends and traditions of the country, leads us to the most picturesque sites, unfolds to us the character of the Cretans, and, we are sorry to say, is of opinion that they still deserve the bad reputation which they held in the days of St. Paul. The geography of the island occupies the former part of the volume; the latter is devoted to its history.

The contribution of M. Latour Saint-Ybars to historical literature[‡] is an attempt to rehabilitate the character of Nero. M. Latour Saint-Ybars represents him to us as a delightful man, naturally kind, considerate, endowed with superior intellectual qualities, and with an excellent heart. The crimes which disgraced the latter part of Nero's reign were, our author asserts, the results of the corrupting influence of the tyranny of the Cæsars; they belonged to his position, not to his nature. One of the apologies offered by the Emperor's panegyrist is that Nero was essentially an artist who valued his talent much more than his dignity, an actor who preferred captivating the public to enslaving them. But we have said enough of a publication which throws no new light upon history, and is merely remarkable as a specimen of a class of paradoxes of which the world has had more than sufficient.

The best French translation of Strabo's Geography is the one begun by La Porte du Theil and Coray, and finished by Letronne. It is indeed an excellent work in every respect, and some persons may feel surprised that M. Amédée Tardieu should have felt it necessary to replace it by another.[§] But the translation in question is rarely to be met with, is printed in a clumsy size, and has no tables or indices whatever; and, moreover, as the last volume was issued as far back as 1819, it could not profit by the emendations and alterations which are introduced in modern editions of the text. Further, no really good commentary on the Greek geographer is yet extant, and M. Tardieu, having entertained the design of composing one, thought that the best preparation for the task would be a new translation of the work itself. Hence the present volume—the first of three, which promise to be one of the most valuable contributions to Messrs. Hachette's classical series. M. Tardieu has made the several volumes of his version exactly correspond to those of Dr. Menecke's Greek text, in order that the original and the translation may be more conveniently studied together. A few philological foot-notes are added, and the translator promises a copious index as a distinctive feature of the last volume.

M. Charles Carpentier's *Études de Législations comparées*^{||} deserve to be studied, because they are evidently the result of much conscientious labour, and they give in a clear and intelligible form a comparative view of the principal systems of legislation which have obtained at different epochs. Heathen antiquity, Judaism and Christianity—such are the three great elements of civilization which have affected the world, moulding its laws and shaping its policy. M. Carpentier examines them in succession. The right of property of man in man was the corner-stone of heathen law; hence, as a natural consequence, the absolute right of life and death with which the head of the family was invested in Greece and in Rome. This fundamental axiom, taught by the lawgivers, philosophers, and politicians of antiquity, remained in vogue down to the establishment of Christianity, and even later.

In the meanwhile, the chosen people of God, separated from all others for the express purpose of keeping alive the true doctrine of Monotheism and right views of morality, started from a diametrically opposite principle. Moses did not recognise the right of man in man, and hence, under the Mosaic dispensation, we do not see the family submitted to the terrible régime which both the Quirites and the Spartans considered essential. Finally, the Gospel was preached; and its Divine Founder sanctioned, confirmed, and developed all the injunctions which the law of Moses had laid down respecting the family. From these premisses M. Carpentier concludes that no other system of metaphysics or religion can rise higher than Christianity in defining the true position of the various members of the family, and that, therefore, to Christianity alone must be traced all the progress which modern civilization has made. The present work is only the first instalment of a treatise designed to embrace the whole system of legislation.

The new edition of M. Jules Simon's *La Liberté* claims a word of mention.^{*} Whilst revising it, and introducing a few corrections and improvements suggested by recent legislative enactments, the author has made a fresh distribution of the whole subject. The first volume is devoted to political questions; the second comprises subjects connected with the organization of the family, property, and labour. The treatise published some years ago under the title *La Liberté de Conscience* completes the work.

M. T. Boutteville does not mince matters,[†] and the dilemma he places before us is startling enough—*Homme ou Chrétien!* choose which you like. Thick in size, closely printed, and full of quotations which make it look very learned, M. Boutteville's volume is a mere *rifacimento* of the old worn-out arguments against Christianity, and the first lines of the introduction show in what spirit it is written. An author who adduces the affair of young Mortara as an illustration of the principles of Christianity deserves as much credence as one who would condemn all wine-merchants *en masse* because one of them labels gooseberry to make it pass for real Epervier. Christianity, M. Boutteville says, is only a monastic institution, quite incapable of adapting itself to the requirements of any large society. The ethics of Christianity have done their work; their day is over, and they must be replaced by something else. Such are the leading statements of M. Boutteville; and from these the reader may easily judge of the rest. Assuming that the morality of Christianity is founded upon ignorance, he enforces the necessity of education, and points to the spread of positivism as the *summum necessarium* of modern civilization.

Under the head of novels we would say a few words of the new edition of *Les Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy*.[‡] Twenty years ago this amusing work created a considerable sensation; in fact, it stood so completely by itself in point both of style and of interest that it roused the suspicions of bibliographers. It is quite impossible, especially in a production of some extent, for the most acute and cautious *faiseur de pastiches* not to be thrown off his guard; and such was the case with M. de Courchant, the ingenious author who put together and dressed up the memoirs in question. Of course there existed a real marchioness, and Madame de Créquy's *salon* enjoyed a high and deserved reputation during the last century; hence the composition and publication of her *soi-disant* souvenirs. They are most interesting, and if the reader remembers all the time that it is a novel which he has before him, he may read them with profit. A really authentic correspondence of the Marchioness de Créquy has already been published by M. Ed. Fournier, and we are glad to see that it is intended to be added to the present reprint of the fictitious souvenirs.

Another representative of the *haute noblesse*, the Countess de Boigne, has given us in a *bond fide* romance[§] a curious sketch of the society amongst which she moved—a society now nearly swept away by the ever-swelling tide of democracy. We are aware of the prejudice existing against works of fiction written in the shape of letters; and if Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse* itself cannot be adduced as an exception to their proverbial dullness, it is scarcely to be expected that *Une Passion dans le Grand Monde* should claim that privilege. The book is tedious, no doubt; yet it is only justice to say that, besides the merit of style, it contains excellent delineations of character, with many of those touches of delicate criticism which a lady's hand alone can give. Madlle. d'Osmond, married to the Count de Boigne, was at first an important personage in the Legitimist circles of Paris; but she was subsequently reconciled with the Orleanist party, and became, as her fair editress remarks, a kind of *grande dame Whig*. The position of society in France during the first few years of the Bourbon restoration is accurately shown in the Countess de Boigne's novel; and the biographical sketch prefixed by Madame Lenormant forms not the least interesting part of the publication.

After works of this kind it is a task to be obliged to read such books as *L'Outrage*^{||} and *Mademoiselle 50 Millions*.[¶]

^{*} *La Vie Souterraine, ou les Mines et les Mineurs*. Par L. Simonin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

[†] *L'Île de Crète, Souvenirs de Voyage*. Par Georges Perrot. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

[‡] *Néron, sa Vie et son Époque*. Par Latour Saint-Ybars. Paris: Lévy.

[§] *Géographie de Strabon*. Traduction nouvelle par Amédée Tardieu, sous-bibliothécaire de l'Institut. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

^{||} *Le Droit Payen et le Droit Chrétien*. Par Charles Carpentier. Paris: Durand.

^{*} *La Liberté Politique*. Par Jules Simon. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

[†] *La Morale de l'Église et la Morale Naturelle—Études Critiques*. Par M. T. Boutteville. Paris: Lévy.

[‡] *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy, 1710-1803*. 2 vols. Paris: Lévy.

[§] *Une Passion dans le Grand Monde*. Par la Comtesse de Boigne. Paris: Lévy.

^{||} *L'Outrage*. Par Aurélien Scholl. Paris: Lévy.

[¶] *Mademoiselle 50 Millions*. Par la Comtesse Dash. Paris: Lévy.

George Sand's *Théâtre** has at least the merit of being carefully written, and the prefaces or introductory notices to the various plays contain either interesting views of dramatic literature or historical details which are worth reading. Thus the *Mariage de Victorine*, the subject of which was suggested by *Le Philosophe sans le Savoir*, is prefaced by an admirable criticism of Sedaine; and a short account of the old Italian company of players who amused the Paris public in the days of Molière prepares us to enjoy intelligently *Les Vacances de Pandolphe*. In *Le Pressoir* George Sand has attempted to describe French village life, and has done so with success.

* *Théâtre Complet de George Sand*. Vol. 2. Paris: Lévy.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—MORNING PERFORMANCE, on Saturday next, February 2, at Three. The Programme will include Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat for Strings, Schumann's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat, Beethoven's Sonata in C major, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for Piano alone, &c. Executants: Madame Schumann, MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, W. Hann, and Platt. Vocalist, Miss Banks. Conductor, Mr. Bendish. Seals Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday next, February 4, Madame SCHUMANN will make her first Appearance this Season. Violin, Herr Joachim; Violoncello, Signor Platt.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

MR. JOSEPH BARNBY'S CHOIR.—A NEW CHOIR is about to be formed, under the direction of Mr. JOSEPH BARNBY, for the Practice and Performance of SACRED and SECULAR MUSIC. A PUBLIC CONCERT will take place during the present Season, at St. James's Hall, and next Season a Series of Concerts (not exceeding Six) will be given. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of becoming Members are requested to apply at the Architectural Rooms, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, on Tuesday Evening, the 5th and 12th of February, at Half-past Six o'clock. About 200 Voices will be required. The Cloisters, Westminster Abbey.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s. WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall.—The Exhibition will OPEN on Monday, the 4th inst., at Ten o'clock.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE L. HALL, Hon. Sec.

NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD at CARMARTHEN, September 1867.
BRIEF EXTRACT FROM PROGRAMME.
Prizes will be awarded for Essays, Poetry, Musical Compositions, Choral, Vocal, and Instrumental Performances, Art, and Industrial Exhibitions. Scientific Sections will form a very prominent feature.

ESSAYS.—"On the Origin of the English Nation" (English, Welsh, French, or German), Prize, 100 Guineas. "On the Affinity of the Welsh with other Ancient Languages," £15 10s. and a Silver Medal.

Subjects for 1867.
"On the Advantages of Milford Haven as a Commercial Port of National Importance," Prize, £100. "Defence of the Welsh People against the Misrepresentations of their English Critics," £10 10s. and a Silver Medal. "On the History of the Settlement of the Flemings in South Wales," £5 5s. "On the Administration of Justice in Wales in 1860 and 1867," £10 10s. and a Silver Medal. **Tale:** "On the Social and Intellectual Condition of Wales," £50 (Copy-right to remain the property of the Author). "On the Effects of High-Class Farming," £25 5s. "On the Carboniferous Rocks of Wales," £10 10s. and a Silver Medal.
The full Programme, with all particulars, may be had by enclosing a Postage Stamp to the General Secretary,
Mr. J. P. WILLIAMS, Rhyl, N.W.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON, 4 St. Martin's Place.—Tuesday, February 5, at Eight p.m., "ANTIQUITY of MAN," C. S. WACE, Esq., F.R.S.E. "On SEXES of OFFSPRING," C. O. GROOM-NAPLES, Esq., F.G.S., F.R.S.E.

ST. GEORGE, Hanover Square.—The LORD BISHOP of OXFORD will PREACH in the Parish Church on Sunday Morning, February 10, in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

RITUALISM.—The COMMITTEE of the CHURCH ASSOCIATION invite the attendance of the Friends of the Protestant Reformed Church of England to a COURSE of LECTURES, to be (D.V.) delivered at St. James's Hall, at Half-past Two o'clock, on the following Tuesday Afternoons:
February 12.—PRIESTHOOD. Rev. HUGH McNEIL, D.D., Canon of Chester.
February 19.—RITUALISM. Very Rev. FRANCIS CLOS, D.D., Dean of Carlisle.
February 26.—THE MASS in the CHURCH of ENGLAND. Rev. H. P. BLAKENY, L.L.D., Incumbent of Cloughton, Cheshire.
March 12.—THE CONFESSIOAL. Rev. J. C. MILES, D.D., Vicar of Greenwich.
March 19.—"NO PEACE WITH ROME." Rev. M. HOBART SAYMOND, M.A., of Bath.
March 26.—"WHY WERE OUR REFORMERS BURNED?" Rev. J. C. RYLE, B.A., Vicar of Stradbroke, Suffolk.

Tickets may be had of Messrs. Hatchard & Co., Piccadilly; Hunt & Co., Holles Street; B. Seeley, Islington Green; Seeley, Jackson, & Co., Fleet Street; Dalton & Lucy, Cockspur Street; Westerton, Knightsbridge; Fimlico; and at the Church Association Office, 8 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE VICTORIA INSTITUTE, 9 Conduit Street, W.—Monday, February 4, at 8 p.m. FAYET to be read on METEORS and FALLING STARS. By the Rev. WALTER MITCHELL, M.A., Vice-President. On February 18, a FAYET will be read on the CREDIBILITY of DARWINISM. By GEORGE WAINWORTH, Esq., F.R.S.

THE EXAMINATIONS for DIPLOMAS of the ROYAL SCHOOL of NAVAL ARCHITECTURE and MARINE ENGINEERING at South Kensington will begin on the 22nd of April, 1867. A Prospectus may be obtained by applying in writing to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington. All Applications for Admission to the Examinations this Year must be made on or before the 15th March, 1867.

EVENING LECTURES at the ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street.—Professor TYNDALL, F.R.S., will commence a Course of EIGHT LECTURES on SOUND, on Tuesday, 5th of February, at Eight o'clock, to be continued on each succeeding Thursday and Tuesday Evening at the same hour.—Tickets for the whole Course, 5s. TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

BRADFIELD.—ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Bradfield, near Reading.—Endowed Foundation School, Incorporated by Royal Charter. For information, apply to the Warden, Rev. TACON SERRIES, Bradfield, near Reading; or to the Honorary Secretary, J. H. PARRSON, Esq., at his Chambers, 1 Elm Court, Middle Temple, London.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, Radley, near Abingdon. Warden.—The Rev. W. WOOD, M.A., late Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Oxford.—For particulars, apply to the Warden; or to G. FAIR, Esq., Burnley.

THE ILMINSTER GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.—Terms, from 40 to 50 Guineas.—The Hon. Mr. G. J. GOWRING, M.P., has so arranged his Course of Instruction that his PUPILS receive a sound general Education, and are at the same time successfully prepared for the Universities and the preliminary Examinations for the Army and Navy, and the Professions. There are Four University Exhibitions belonging to the School.

CIVIL SERVICE HALL.—CANDIDATES for the India Civil Service, the Government Offices, and the Army are prepared for their Examinations at the Civil Service Hall, 12 Princes Square, Bayswater, W., by A. D. SPRANGE, M.A., assisted by Graduates in Honours of Oxford, Cambridge, &c.

INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICE.—Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES and PRIVATE PUPILS are prepared in Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Works and Estimates.—TWO. ROWELL, C.E., Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, S.W., Principal.

THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MAYNARDIAN, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE.—Mr. WREN, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, assisted by a High (Fifth) Wrangler, an Oxford First-class Classic, and the best Masters obtainable for all the other Subjects allowed to be taken up, receives RESIDENT and NON-RESIDENT PUPILS. References to Parents of numerous successful Pupils. Moderate terms.—Wiltshire House, 8 John's Road, Euston, E.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, and the UNIVERSITIES.—EIGHT PUPILS are prepared for the above by the Rev. G. B. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Christ Coll. Camb., and late Professor in the R. I. M. College, Addiscombe.—Address, The Limes, Croydon, S.

NAVAL CADETS.—EASTMAN'S R.N. ACADEMY, SOUTHEAST.—At FOUR recent Examinations, SIXTY-THREE PUPILS passed as Naval Cadets. At the last Examination Pupils took Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth, &c., Places. Applications to be addressed to Dr. SPICKERELL, as above.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.—A GENTLEMAN of much Experience prepares PUPILS for the Army and Civil Service Examinations. Of late years many of his Pupils, to whom he can refer, have stood high in the various Lists of Successful Candidates.—Address, H. S., Messrs. Hatchard & Co., 187 Piccadilly.

EDUCATION at Reading.—Mr. HENRY F. FARBROTHER (late of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, and the University of Paris), assisted by a High Honour Oxford Man, an Open Scholar of his College, and Public School Man, receives PUPILS at inclusive Terms. Special attention is paid to those preparing for Public Examinations.—For full particulars, address, 6 Russell Terrace, Reading.

THE REV. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., for many years Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the Military College, Addiscombe, continues to prepare PUPILS for the several Public Examinations.—Address, Bromsgrove House, Croydon.

THE Rev. J. J. MANLEY (Etonian), M.A. Oxford, assisted by a Graduate of Oxford, prepares SIX PUPILS for Universities, Civil Service, &c.—For Terms, &c., address Cottrell Rectory, Buntingford, Herts. One Vacancy.

THE INCUMBENT (Married) of a Small College Living in a very healthy and pleasant part of Essex, late Fellow and Lecturer of his College in Cambridge, takes TWO or THREE PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools, Universities, &c.—Address, Rev. N. V. F., Post Office, Witham, Essex.

MR. BENEDICT and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER'S PIANOFORTE ACADEMY for LADIES, 27 Harley Street, Cavendish Square.—Second Year.—The Examination Lessons will be given in the Week commencing January 28. Ladies wishing to join the Classes are requested to address their Inquiries to Messrs. BARNES & LINDSAY SLOPER, 27 Harley Street, W.

A HANOVERIAN GENTLEMAN, Graduate of Göttingen, just leaving a Nobleman, wishes a RE-ENGAGEMENT either in a FAMILY or good SCHOOL. German, French (studied in France), Classics (English pronunciation), and the usual branches of English Education.—Address, Dr. C. Spalding's Library, High Street, Notting Hill, W.

HOME, &c., for ONE or TWO CHILDREN, however Young, of good Birth, in a healthy Country Vicarage. Pony and Donkey kept.—Address MAYN, Rev. A. L. W., Post Office, Malvern, Wells.

THE TIMES SENT by the Morning and Evening MAILS on the Day of Publication, and Day after, at Reduced Prices.—A List of all Newspapers, with their Price and Politics, sent free by JOHN NASH & CO., 4 Saville Place, Regent Street, W.